SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Books and the Beau Monde

YOU can argue it both ways, but with different outcomes. When society takes up literature it is sometimes very good for books; but when literature captivates society it is always good for society.

Society has taken to literature on numerous occasions from Imperial Rome, when our conception of society as a limited association of the civilized rich began, down to the age of fops and dandies of the nineteenth century. Society polished Pope and pointed Congreve, gave Byron his elegance and Arnold his grand manner of a dogmatist in dress shirt and patent leathers. Society made a fool of N. P. Willis, a snob of Oscar Wilde, a scold of Cooper, a time server of Bulwer Lytton, and dilettantes of many good men. Lack of good society was responsible for the cockneyisms in Keats and the bad taste of Edgar Allan Poe.

In one of its aspects good writing, like good social intercourse, must be civilized, sophisticated, fine, and free. No book ever suffered by being written by a gentleman, provided the writer did not feel his gentility to be more important than his art. But in other aspects literature is rebellious to social standards, subsists on new ideas, learns from vulgarity, prefers strength to finesse, and is often not fit for a drawing room until it has been mellowed by age. Dr. Middleton was willing to sacrifice his daughter to port drunk in the proper environment, but never could he have given over his scholarship. Whitman craved social recognition, but it is not to be supposed that his ideas would have profited by an entrance into society.

Yet it is notorious that societies which have been literary and intellectual in so far as society can be either and remain agreeably social, have been those very assemblages whose manners we copy, whose furnishings we borrow, in which men and women of *esprit* looking backward wish they might have lived. It will be found also upon investigation that such societies have been creative and usually energetic. Dull societies belong to dull times (literary and otherwise) and an interest in ideas, which means an interest in books, seems to be quite inseparable from the tone and spirit which make society different from a social group.

If society in a democratic trading and manufacturing civilization becomes hopelessly unintellectual and unæsthetic it views unwittingly its end. Distinction departs from it since the most vulgar can spend as fast and buy as lavishly. Lightness and detachment are lost, and that consciousness of leadership in the art of living which is perhaps the essence of society. In the United States good liquor might remain its last differentiation, which means that the bootleggers would become our next aristocracy.

As for books, when men and women who express us in words do not mix on terms of welcome with those who live best, and keep some exclusion for the perfecting of social intercourse, it will not mean the withering of literature. Pioneer books, rough vigorous books, revolutionary books, naïve or prophetic books will never lose a dash or comma. And yet the tendency toward the slipshod, the tolerance of the really vulgar, the content with cheap mediocrity which all deplore, will move forward more readily. Bourgeois literature, "roughneck" literature, freakish literature, tawdry literature will find one check more gone from their progress. And the

(*Continued on page* 63)

Rotundities

(Imagiste promenading with a man somewhat corpulent.)

By MARGERY SWETT

MOONLIGHT can be bourgeois, she reflects,
Casting on the lake so many more
Round discs, not curiously overlapped and interlaced,
But edge to edge, stupidly repetitious and full-faced,
Making even scollops where the curving shore
Proves the lake an ugly center piece.

She sinks back in the crease
Of his fat arm, shuts one eye and sees
His stomach's arc eclipse the starry light;
Why has she let such superabundance be her plight,
Superabundance of man and night,
Sufficient should suffice.
She wonders why she listened twice
To the monotone of his thick voice
By waters over-mirroring the moon,
When speech could be white light and pierce you through,
Moonlight turn a blade, cut you in two.

He leans upon her till her breath comes slow,
The pulse at her blue wrist is beating low,
Discouraged by his words verbose inanity;
Oh, must he talk all evening to allege
His red-plush love, well bolstered up by vanity?

The moon alone fatigues her eye,
Except when as a thin sharp edge
It cuts the sky.

This Week

"History of American Idealism." Reviewed by *Lewis Mumford.*

"Genetic Studies of Genius." Reviewed by *Arnold Gesell.*

"The Wandering Scholar." Reviewed by *H. G. Dwight.*

"The Bravo Mystery." Reviewed by *Edmund Pearson.*

Two Histories of the United States. Reviewed by *Ellis P. Oberholtzer.*

"Germany." Reviewed by *Sidney Fay.*

"James Branch Cabell." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*

Ecstatic Ode on Vision. By *Richard Hughes.*

Next Week, or Later

Essays by *J. Middleton Murry, Hilaire Belloc, James Harvey Robinson.*

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Concerning the Highbrows

By H. M. TOMLINSON

ONCE upon a time I was the literary editor of an important review, and though I never got the challenge which sometimes compels an audacious poker player to disclose his poverty—yet I expected it every week—a correspondent at least complained of me with acerbity. I had been commenting, I think, on the Diary of a little child, perhaps known, even today, as Opal Whiteley, though I had done so with insufficient credulity and kindliness. That correspondent wrote, "I am tired of you high-brows. The intellectuals who know so much better than anybody else ought to be suppressed. You are always trying to spoil things for us. I hate you. The world would be a much more enjoyable place without the high-brows."

That communication made me feel acutely uncomfortable. I could guess the chuckles of friends who might learn that somebody had mistaken me for a high-brow. Besides, in any case, is it a matter of urgency that intellectuals should be removed first? Might not our planet be brightened by the removal of some others? For it is clear that by this elimination of the unfit which began at the top of the brow we should presently bring the very government of the state down to the hands of the Bedlamites. That would be the logical consequence; and I discard to the mysterious intellectuals, who are strangers to me, the suggestion that that would not leave us in a much worse case than the one we know.

* * *

Nevertheless, we are aware of a general instinctive antipathy for the high-brows, that mysterious band of spoilers and mockers. The perennial jests in our newspapers, which go to show that the depth and extent of a man's knowledge is the measure of his futility in affairs, never allow us to forget so common a repugnance, which is quite natural. It may be doubted, of course, whether the community would be enlightened by the careful elimination of all superior and fastidious people. We lucky survivors of that process, it is true, might feel happier because we were relieved from an irksome restraint, and had nobody to disturb us with suitable warnings when the sky began to darken; yet the result would not be good.

But who, after all, are these high-brows? I should like to learn. How are they to be detected? On what tests may we condemn them? I never meet them; but then I must confess that I do not know their symptoms. One very remarkable writer I had never met was often described to me, especially during the war, as a high-brow, with impatience and finality, with a gesture which was heated and petulant. When at last I did see him it was in the midst of a small but very distinguished company of men; and his was not only the superior mind of the company, but the rest of us appeared to know it, though by his own bearing he did not. So I got no assistance to a right definition from what I learned of him, though he ought to have been a first-rate specimen. I have looked for these uncommon people with their alien and repellant souls in railway trains—for I take an interest, which some day may be rudely rebuked, in what the traveller next to me is reading—and indeed wherever people gather together. I have looked for them

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even in editorial offices and in the laboratories of men of science, but have never yet found more than perhaps two very doubtful examples.

There can be no certain way of distinguishing them from the common, or low-brows. Is he a high-brow who is strangely disturbed by "Petrouska," but is not amused by "Mayfair"? Is he one who sits coolly under the impassioned oratory of the popular politician, and merely asks what that statesman has accomplished? But many such contrasts would occur to most of us. To most of us? Then are there as many intellectuals in the world as that? So the time has come when the problem, placed too carelessly under the generic literary label of Highbrowism, deserves some discussion, particularly among biologists.

I confessed recently my astonishment to a friend, who is more interested in science than in politics, that an otherwise intelligent man had just argued to me that iniquity, when committed by privileged officials in authority, is the same as righteousness. The naturalist laughed. He showed me what I had never suspected; that my astonishment arose, not out of so outrageous an argument, but from my own obtuseness. My astonishment came out of my unquestioned faith that all Englishmen are the same species of animal. I had been considering merely their physical facts—the sounds they make when they are trying to be understood, the color of their skin, their clothes, their behaviour when certain objects are shown to them, such as the Union Jack, a glass of beer, or a race horse. But, said this naturalist, men are sundered more widely by little differences in the brain than they are by differences in speech and nationality. The methods you employ to discriminate the various races of men are unscientific, he explained, and asked me whether I ever made a mistake between a blue-faced and a red-faced monkey. No (he went on) that difference is obvious, even to the monkeys. Now you, he said genially, may be really more akin to some oddments in the world to be found in the Kalahari Desert perhaps, or in Pekin, than to most of those fellows about you in London.

I thanked him for his kindly advice, and in the rand ten minutes later met an educated Englishan who discussed books and affairs in such a way at he made me feel that if all Englishmen expressed mental characteristics like his then I should apply pretty soon in Pekin for my naturalization papers, in the bare hope that men there were a little different.

* * *

As the world of the High-brows is not my world I am free to guess why it is that careful literary critics, for example, arouse a natural and even a violent repugnance in readers who joyfully accept some popular contemporary authors—not to be named here—as jolly and wonderful writers. Let me declare now that I am not a literary critic, though I have been paid to criticize books, and that I could not define the essentials of true literary criticism to save my life. I have never been able to discover what are the standards by which sound opinions are gauged and good taste is measured. Still, I can see that it is natural for those who admire an object to show anger for those who laugh at it. It is usual for us to dislike those who themselves are cool and inscrutable, and who yet seem to understand us quite well. Moreover, competition, and even association with the superior, is unfair to us; we get beaten. This, I fear, is also the clue to a strange acrimony which is being shown over Anatole France just now by a few young and superior French and English critics. They would even pretend that the work of that great man hardly exists; that they have gone much beyond his outlook on life, which is obsolete, and that therefore it is of no importance, and is even contemptible. Now, so queer an exhibition as that of those young artists and thinkers towards a contemporary whose work the world has acknowledged is not really difficult to understand. For if Anatole France is a great artist, then what must we call them? If his work is of major consequence and deep significance, then what is theirs? If he is right, then what are they? Therefore, of course, let us pretend that he no longer exists. Let us pretend that he does not obstruct us with his calm and towering challenge. Let us pretend we have passed him, and that he is now behind us, and out of sight. For it is more than unpleasant to be convicted of error; we are driven then to consider the means by which we may overcome what is beyond our strength. That is very distressing. It makes us complaining and fretful.

Well, they who feel anger or impatience with what is noble but challenging may take heart of grace. The truth is, that what is noble and of gentle but resolute countenance is too often vanquished. A light-hearted and careless community of ordinary mortals knows instinctively what to do with what makes it feel uncomfortable. Ordinary folk, who prefer not to have their ways disturbed, are in the vast majority. They are able to secure themselves quite easily from enchantment by new ideas. Nothing shall change if they can prevent it. All they have to do is to keep music, literature, science, and the arts, near the ground. This is not difficult for them, because they have only to reward those who give them what they want, and thus standards are set outside which merit passes only at its peril.

The original and inventive man is a disconcerting fellow, for he is dissatisfied with us and our ways. He would make our days unquiet with the very kind of activity we most dislike. He is never able to understand why we object to the lamp he brings, trimmed as it is and bright. We prefer, naturally, the cosy and romantic half-light of vague knowledge, where things look different from what they are, and there is no need to bother about them, because they cannot be properly seen. He fails to perceive, when he is distressed and astonished by our prompt refusal of his finer idea, his unusual book, his disturbing music, his new and drastic scientific theory, that to accept him would disorder the whole array of our accumulated and long-settled opinions. Why should we add his discordant creation to that pile? It has no place there, except in the way a torch has to dry litter. Away it would all go. He fails to see that he would compel us to admit we were wrong till he put us right. We strongly dislike admitting we are in the wrong, even when we know it; and the artist who maintains a challenging and ruthless finger at a principal error of ours is sure to be as unsocial and suspicious an object as a Chinese philosopher in a presbytery. We love the truth, of course; but uniformity is rather more comfortable.

The unusual book is read only by unusual people; for all we can tell, only by the high-brows, whose interest may just manage to save it from being stillborn. The favors of the commonalty predestine the material rewards,—which have at least the gross virtue of enabling an artist to continue at his work—mainly for the mediocre. No complaint should be made about this, for complaint would make no difference to what has always been a process as right as the preference a healthy child has for a stale bun to its school books. It would be absurd to complain of that. Let us be reasonable, and never expect, when we go to bed, that the face of nature will be changed in the night. It will be changed, but not in one sleep. It is possible that the work and criticism of the high-brows may in the end convince children that there are better things to be had for the asking than stale buns, or even than buns.

Yet that will take some time. It will not be done in a night. The high-brows have got their work cut out, and I wish them joy of it. The immensity of their task, which nobody asks them to perform, and for which there will be no thanks, has been faintly indicated in London recently. Probably even in America some echo has been heard of the controversy over Epstein's panel erected in Hyde Park in memory of W. H. Hudson. Our newspaper press has shown more feeling about that than ever it did over the indifference accorded to Hudson in his lifetime. *Punch* joined in the clamor in just the way *Punch* would, of course; for Epstein, you see, is not exactly an English name. That queer criticism seems irrelevant, where art is concerned, yet nothing is irrelevant when once the dullards are so aroused about a question of art that they feel abusive. I went, like everybody else, to see this memorial to a writer of whom many of the heated disputants had never heard till he was dead; for it may be said that even some important critics in the press had never read "Green Mansions," and therefore they considered that the way to spell the name of the spirit of the forest ought to be Rema, and not Rima, as Hudson called her.

The panel is a very brief work of art, of its kind. It is merely a symbol. It is modest and reverent; and designed—as obviously it was—to accord with the arbor in which it is placed, and the fountain in front of it, it adds to the beauty of the park, and rightly marks our late esteem for a great man. Nevertheless, it has been reviled. Well, when I was returning from my inspection, I passed another new memorial, placed in the main thoroughfare just outside the park, near Buckingham Palace. Its purpose is to commemorate a body of men who fell in the war, but that is exactly what the horrible structure does not do; yet you will never hear any news about outraged Londoners, headed by indignant newspaper critics, making an assembly round it with ropes and axes, to haul it over and destroy it.

It is a gigantic bronze figure of a naked youth, with a broadsword and a fig leaf. He is to represent the men of the Machine-Gun Corps. Yet these dreadful words, with an implication wholly missed by the designers of the monument, are inscribed on its pedestal: "Saul slew his thousands, but David his tens of thousands."

So the monument is, in fact, the apotheosis of Carnage. It is dedicated, not to the soldiers who died, but to the Machine Gun itself. It never occurred to the barbarians who erected it that its pedestal might just as well bear a similar inscription in the German language to commemorate the glory of the German Machine Gun; for some of us will never forget square miles of territory thickly strewn with a crop of young Britishers who had been reaped by the German "David." Epstein's Rima is objected to, but not that blasphemy against mankind, not that idolatrous deification of Moloch in a fig-leaf.

American Idealism

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM. By Gustavus Myers. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Lewis Mumford

MR. GUSTAVUS MYERS leaves the history of our Great American Fortunes and of Tammany Hall to deal with a more nebulous matter: American Idealism. Although the book is dated 1925 one catches in every chapter the echo of an older America—the America of Colonel Diver and General Hominy and Mr. Jefferson Brick. With a sweeping and uncritical pen, a pen that stoops to substantiate our innate idealism by quoting speeches from the Congressional Record on the eves of our wars, Mr. Myers essays to show the reep-rooted character of our idealism by detailing its successive challenges to monarchy, to aristocracy, to slavery, and to patronage in art. What shall we say to such a book? The obvious answer of course is that the French challenged aristocracy quite as drastically as we did, that the Russian aristocracy divested itself of serfdom with better grace than our own South, that the government of the United States is a constitutional monarchy under limited tenure, a monarchy that rises speedily to dictatorship in the course of war; and that, finally, our throwing off of patronage in art is nothing more than the common process under which every industrial country in the nineteenth century left its original artists to starve.

Even if every act that Mr. Myers brings forward were one of undiluted moral glory, the picture would still be a false one; for on the same terms it would be possible to write a history of American Scoundrelism which would begin with our cruel and rapacious treatment of the American Indian and carry the story down to our cold-blooded treatment of foreigners and conscientious objectors even after the recent war was over. There would be no more truth or balance in the second kind of history by itself than there is in the first by itself: for it is quite impossible to treat either our virtues or our vices except on the premise that we are human. We sinned during the Boxer rebellion and we rather decently repented; we sinned even more heavily in putting through the Texas land grab and for the most part we have added but gratuitous insults in order to make the original wrong more intolerable to the people we bullied. Our ancestors welcomed Kosciusko: our present Department of State behaved as panic-stricken at the presence of Karolyi as any conceivable Junker government could behave; but the historian who centers attention on the credit-side of the bill and forgets to balance ac-

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counts commits an intellectual solecism that [illegible] pass muster outside of the Ku Klux circles.

Mr. Bertrand Russell has well pointed out that by a process of identification, one hundred and [illegible] million people can say things about their moral beauty and spiritual valor which no single individual would risk uttering about his humble self without being set down as a paranoiac or a prig. In short, our idealism, taken by itself and elevated into a mythology, is not a pleasant subject for either the historian or the honest citizen: this matter belongs to the psychologist who wishes to investigate a group-psychosis. The mere fact that Mr. Myers's book has its counterparts in other countries does not lessen his fault.

Idealism from a Sabine Farm

TRADITION AND JAZZ. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by C. Hartley Grattan

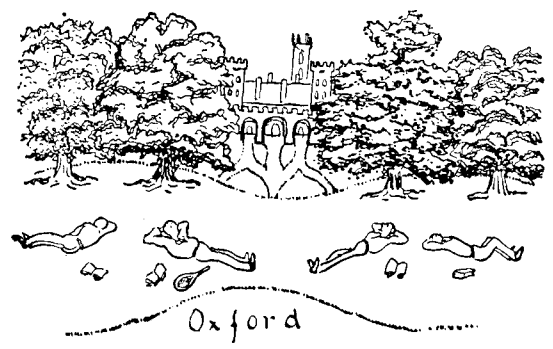
Urbana Junior College

DR. PATTEE'S latest volume of essays is a plea for literary idealism. He is convinced that the age is cursed with an artificial hecticness, that American writers are running after false gods, and that much that is being written today and winning serious high praise must inevitably perish. These ideas are old enough, of course, but Dr. Pattee redeems them from dulness by wit and learning. He has more urbanity than is usual with those writers with whom he finds himself in agreement. Idealism is nowhere explicitly defined, but I take it that the sort of literature Dr. Pattee would admire would be in the spirit of the authors he singles out chiefly for praise: Horace, Izaac Walton, and Eugene Field. Not all of the book is taken up by literary condemnation and exhortation. There are excellent essays on education, "The Log Unseats Mark Hopkins" and "The Old Professor of English: An Autopsy." There are two especially valuable reprints: "A Call for a History of American Literature," and "The Aftermath of Veritism: A Letter from the Sabine Farm to Hamlin Garland."

Anyone who is acquainted with Dr. Pattee's "American Literature Since 1870" will agree with me in suspecting that he has read more bad books than any other man living in America. In so doing he has vitiated the very thing for which he is making a plea: literary discrimination. Dr. Pattee has confused idealism with kindliness, and in pursuing kindliness he has become accustomed to excuse and forget faults if he can discover in a book some appeal to his own kindly nature. Kindliness has led him into a blind alley from which he has never emerged. He can no longer take any pleasure in exploration, and so he sits with his back to the wall —or to jump suddenly to another and his own figure, he sits in the study of his Sabine Farm. So long has he lived on his farm that when he now ventures into the city of literature, he feels out of place—a countryman come to the city, and with a countryman's conviction that leads to the measurement of things foreign by the home yardstick, he straightway condemns the city as false to the desirable, the Sabine Farm, ideals of life and literature. Unfortunately the modern age is not an age of Sabine Farms, and if the scientists have read the signs aright the future is to be still less so.

Idealism, however, allied to Sabine Farm manners is to cure us of our ills. Well and good—as a reformer's plea. But why let the wished for exclude comprehension of the what is? Why let Sabine Farm-ness lead one into a hopeless confusion and total miscomprehension of the modern age? Because, I believe, Dr. Pattee has confused æsthetic value with an extremely limited sort of "pleasure," and because in consequence he has also failed to perceive that literature must not be judged by the "pleasure" it gives at all, but by the quality and force of the experience communicated. These questions and observations are justified after reading, "The Cabells and the Andersons and the Dreisers and the Menckens rule the moment by their clatter and cocksureness, but their day is brief." I recall that he has said, "Crane is a classic now," and has spoken of "glorious old Frank Norris." Professor Pattee is here simply victimized by the old professorial error. After the fight is over and the victory won the rebels are taken into the academies and "classicized." Before that they are worshippers of Hyrtacus or Eurytion or some other horrible god, but not of Acestes (c.f. the essay "The Shot of Acestes"). Who are the worshippers of Acestes, the idealists, the shooters of arrows into the blue, in our literature? Poe, Hawthorne, Cooper partially, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Melville! Unless my literary history is at fault Poe, Thoreau, Whitman, and Melville were rejected by the contemporary academicians and their journalistic followers. These may be of the tribe of Acestes, but let that pass for it is irrelevant anyway, and their value today is to be measured by the value of the intellectual and emotional experience they bring to us, and it is high. Cooper only gets into the list on sufferance anyway, and needs no comment. And today, I believe, Emerson is valued chiefly as an incomparable iconoclast and Hawthorne as a superb analyst of New England's decayed puritanism—not as devotees of Acestes.

How, then, does Dr. Pattee so vehemently predict the eclipse of Cabell, Anderson, and Dreiser? Does he not know that these are the artists of a nation modified since 1870 by industrialism and immigration? We are not in the agrarian society that gave birth to these earlier Acestesians. Yet what writers have been more iconoclastic than Emerson and Thoreau and Melville? What writer has explored more dark caverns of the mind than Hawthorne? Why then rule out Cabell and Anderson and Mencken? The world moves. We no longer live on Sabine Farms. We have new techniques to apply



From "Letters from England," by Karel Capek (Doubleday, Page)

to new environments. Why need we try to satisfy ourselves with experiences of yesteryear? Why not do some adventuring of our own?

My rhetoric crumbles though in the face of this: "It is useless to refute them (the younger writers); it is a waste of time to argue with them." Somehow when you say that, Dr. Pattee, I suspect that you do not have roosters on your Sabine Farm, and that the eggs you gather are not fertile, are not instinct with life, do not give one cause for speculation as to the future. They are for "table use," and that is all.

A Study of Mankind

GENETIC STUDIES OF GENIUS. By Lewis M. Terman *et al.* Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by Arnold Gesell

Yale University

HERE is a volume of superior interest and value which makes a daring scientific attack on the psychological problems underlying genius. It is a study based upon a wealth of material and it reflects an impressive amount of coöperation between numerous individuals. The proper study of mankind is man. In this instance, it means the collection of about 100 pages of raw data for each of some 1,000 gifted children in the elementary and high schools of California. The data include anthropometric measurements, medical examinations, individual intelligence tests, group tests, tests of information, of school achievement, and of reading knowledge, tests of character and of personality traits, surveys of play interests and play abilities, ratings of numerous moral and social traits by teachers and parents, and a follow-up survey two years after.

These data are analyzed and interpreted in a score of chapters written by various authors. The treatment throughout is objective and statistical. Almost every conclusion is supported by a table or a graph (there are over two hundred tables), which gives percentile distributions, coëfficients of correlation, of variation and reliability, scores in terms of standard deviation, quotients, etc. The statistical analysis is carried to its highest refinement in the chapter on specialization of abilities, and yields the significant conclusion that each gifted child must be regarded as a unique individual with specific mental mechanisms.

From the standpoint of methodology this volume sets a mark and in some measure a model. It makes a courageous and consistent effort to take the problem of the Great Man out of the mists which rise from mere opinion, from democratic misconceptions or reluctances, and even from sheer superstition. The investigation places its main reliance on defined psychometric procedures, and on large numbers of cases to fortify generalization. At almost every turn the findings for the gifted group are brought into camparison with those for a normal (unselected) control group. Some readers will find that this mass treatment does not add to their insight into the essential nature of genius; but they will grant the importance of formulating the results in such a way that these results may be confirmed, refuted, or extended. The scientific study of genius, its nature, origin, and cultivation, has not ended; it has only begun. The California investigation is particularly significant because it rests on such a wide numerical basis. It almost becomes a study of population and many of its conclusions have broad import for problems of race, control of immigration, differential birth rates. In this direction the study will interest the student of social problems and the general reader as well as the psychologist.

* * *

As a scientific contribution the study rests upon an acceptance of the validity of the concepts of mental retardation and acceleration. Intellectually superior individuals are developmentally accelerated; they have in consequence a high intelligence quotient. After a thorough-going canvass, 643 children, mostly from school grades 3 to 8, with I Q (intelligence quotient) of from 140 to 190, were included in the main experimental group. One man in a thousand gets into "Who's Who in America." To qualify for the gifted group, a child had to rate as one in 200.

Professor Terman's volume, therefore, deals more with intellectual superiority than it does with genius in a distinctive sense. Indeed the fundamental quality of true genius, namely, its unique capacity to originate and to spontaneously create, is only slightly considered.

What are the traits of children of markedly superior intellectuality? Are these children sickly, nervous, eccentric, one-sided and socially unadaptable, as is so commonly supposed? Compared with an ordinary unselected group, they are unquestionably above par in physical growth and general health. They are not deficient in play interests; they are in advance in play knowledge. They excel clearly in intellectual and social interests when these are measured carefully by association tests. The intellectual children as a group are rated higher on a schedule of twenty-five mental, moral, social, and physical traits; they are decidedly superior in range and wealth of information. They are superior also in school accomplishment and yet are pedagogically retarded when their actual educational capacity is considered. The figures indicate no hothouse forcing; rather the reverse.

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The data as a whole strongly suggest the fundamental importance of hereditary endowment; and will be seized upon by the eugenically minded.

There is a marked excess of Jewish and of Northern and Western European stock represented. The number of highly successful, even eminent, relatives is impressively great. The fact that in a State which justly prides itself on the equality of educational opportunity provided for its children of every class and station an impartially selected group should draw so heavily from the higher occupational levels and so lightly from the lower, throws a heavy burden upon the environment hypothesis.

But if "genius" cannot be created, it can be cultivated, and society has much to learn in this highest of all fields of culture. Evidently the schools must begin at the bottom and learn to recognize the symptoms of superiority. One of the most astonishing facts brought out by the Stanford investigation is that "one's best chance of identifying the brightest child in a school room is to examine the birth records and select the youngest, rather than to take the one rated as brightest by the teacher."

Professor Terman has undertaken to dissolve the democratic complexes which dull the appreciation of mental superiority. He has scored a success in volume one. We shall look to the West for further light in this important field of investigation.

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A Digger in the Near East

THE WANDERING SCHOLAR. By David G. Hogarth. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by H. G. Dwight

Author of "Stamboul Nights"

A BOOK like this makes one break whichever Commandment it is that bids one covet not one's neighbor's wife, his ox, his ass, his style, his adventures, or anything else of his. It belongs on that very small shelf of books by those to whom it has been given to write of Western Asia, Northern Africa, and the Eastern Mediterranean isles as they deserve—not with sentimentality, not with passion, not with an eye to persuasion, not merely with learning, but with color, with humor, with verisimilitude, and with words that haunt the memory. Doughty is one. Eastlake is one, though to my way of thinking he has been a little overrated. Morier is one. Sir Thomas Herbert is one. Gibbon, in spots, is one. Bryan, in spots, is one. William McFee is one. And Hakluyt is full of old salts who had true and racy things to say about that part of the world. For the sugared and self-conscious tenderness of *Loti* I have little stomach; and I speak now of those alone who use the English tongue, Curzon is not one, having been too great a lord and politician. But he had a great-uncle, or something like that—likewise a lord in his latter days—whose "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant" is one of the most delightful books in existence.

There can be no need to point out that the wandering scholar who goes by the name of D. G. Hogarth is one of the best known archæologists who have grubbed in that treasure-house of antiquity which catches the spray of the Ægean. It may be pointed out, however, that his latest book is a reissue of two earlier ones, the original "Wandering Scholar" of 1896 and the "Accidents of an Antiquary's Life" of 1910, minus certain chapters which he considered unsuitable or out of date. Personally I would put them both upon that small and aristocratic shelf. But their successor of 1925 contains the quintessence of each, most artfully combined. And the result is a volume about which it would be only too easy to reel off the usual banalities about the long felt wants of the traveler, the archæologist, the statesman, and the lover of letters alike—which, nevertheless, happen in this case to be perfectly true.

The archæologist, perhaps, will be least satisfied—unless he be a very human archæologist, with a keener ear than common for the sound and the cadence of words. For he usually demands the long circumstantial and scientific details which this book lacks. It is archæology at its most impressionistic and most romantic. There are no reports for learned societies. There are, rather, picturesque accounts of the search, among dull and suspicious peasants, for the "written stone," and of its discovery under the petticoats of a Greek virago or at midnight, in a scented garden, beside the well of the mysterious Turk from which it had just been fished out. There are stories of Hittite seals in silver, supported by lions' claws; of rare coins of Hieropolis bought out of the hand of a lumpish Phrygian boy who possessed surprising gifts of legerdemain; of Konia "where the Kilij Arslans and Khaikhosrus are buried, each with his turban at his coffin head, beneath swinging silver lamps and tiles of priceless blue"; of the discovery of a lost city in the peaks of Taurus, "with battlements and towers outlined against the light." Other and more momentous discoveries are those of a city greater than Carchemish, on the banks of the Euphrates; of treasures hidden in the silt or behind the stalactites of the cave of Dicte, in Crete, where Rhea brought forth Zeus; of treasures not less precious buried in the foundations of the empty pedestal of the goddess whom many of us know as Diana of the Ephesians. And you may learn to your surprise that the ruined church of St. Nicholas at Myra, or Dembreh, near the Lycian coast, "is the most interesting memorial of the early days of Christianity"; that at Aspendus, or Balkis Kaleh, on the Satalian Gulf, remains "perhaps the most splendid of the great Roman buildings that time has spared," a magnificent theatre whose "stones are still square and sharp, and the courses are true as if laid yesterday"; that at Deliklitash, not too far from Adalia, are slag heaps from ancient copper mines and the historic blow-holes of subterranean gases; and that somewhere behind Castellorizo opens all but invisibly a cleft in the rocky coast where you sheer "to left, to right, and to left again, and lo! a great water and the long unruffled track of the moon on the land-locked bosom of Kekova."

Here is where the international politician will prick up his ears, and haply the international concessionaire as well. At any rate, after listening to Count Cippico at Williamstown, after learning from Mr. Hogarth that no less a personage than Vittorio Emmanuele di Savoia, long before he came to the throne, was familiar with the fires of Chimæra (Deliklitash)—to which might be added the fact that while King Humbert still reigned and no Libyan War had as yet been waged, the royal numismatist used annually to visit Rhodes in his yacht—they will begin to understand how it was that the famous Tripartite Agreement of 1920 gave Italy rights on the Lycian coast, and that Rhodes and Cestellorizo have since slipped into Italy's pocket.

Mr. Hogarth has more useful things to tell, however. The wandering scholar holds no brief for one race or another. But about several he has lore which many an international politician lacks. He speaks of Greeks "clothed in assurance as in a garment," of whom "individualism and intolerance of discipline are in the blood" . . . "Discipline—what is that to a free-born Greek, whose birthright is to think for himself, and for you?" And

> The peasont Greek is neither brute nor butterfly; but this he is—a man who is essentially inert, a man born physically outworn. The whole race, as it seems to me, is suffering from over-weariness. It lived fast in the forefront of mankind very long ago, and now is far gone in years; and in its home you feel that you have passed into the shadow of what has been, into an air in which men would rather be than do.

Mr. Hogarth speaks no less to the point of those whom we know as Turks, many of whom are the aborigines of their land, masquerading in Turkish rags and misusing a language of inner Asia which has now superseded their own. I commend to international politicians what is said of the Yuruk, "the Walker," the nomad, whom the wandering scholar regards as the true father and brother of the Turk. Fortunately there is at the end of the book an index which contains all necessary references. I also recommend to politically minded readers the chapter called "The Anatolian," written many years ago but as true today as then. Whether you be politically minded, however, or archæologically minded, or minded merely to seek novelty, color, humor, words simply yet subtly put together, proofs of a spirit above the ordinary, and such small matters, you cannot too strongly be counselled to acquire this compact, wise, and beguiling little book, and to keep it apart from the more pretentious and too often more impassioned tones which profess to interpret the East to the West.

Murder and Mystery

THE BRAVO MYSTERY AND OTHER CASES. By Sir John Hall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by Edmund Lester Pearson

Author of "Studies in Murder."

SIR JOHN HALL, a former officer of the Coldstream Guards, is a writer of historical essays, with a taste for criminology. In a former book, "Four Famous Mysteries," he described certain historical puzzles of perpetual interest. In "The Bravo Mystery,' he tells about three English murder cases, about a Parisian duel of the first half of the nineteenth century, and about a racing scandal of the days of the Regency.

This volume puts its author in a limited class. There are numerous English writers on popular criminology, sending forth a succession of books, usually with alliterative titles, about murder and other high crime. Sometimes moderately interesting, they are journalistic, careless, and superficial. Any way is, for their authors, a good enough way to tell about a murder. They are too busy to spend much time in research; the hasty raking over of the files of some newspaper is all the preparation they need. To approach the subject with the care of the historian is far too great a task.

Since the death of H. B. Irving, the conscientious and highly readable author of books on English, French, and American criminology, there has heretofore been only one writer worthy of comparison with him: William Roughead, the Scottish author of volumes of essays,—literary, historical, legal, and criminological. They are full of an enjoyable flavor of antiquity, and of humor to lighten the dark ways through which they wind. Sir John Hall's method of approach to his subject is careful, dignified, and thoroughly readable, even if he lacks something of Mr. Roughead's light touch and ironic comment.

The first essay, "The Bravo Mystery," is an unsolved poisoning of the 1870's. Nobody could say then, and nobody can say now, who poisoned Mr. Bravo, nor exactly why. Mrs. Bravo, Mrs. Cox, Dr. Gully—these were a gallery of strange characters, and they all appear to be as puzzled about the death as the reader will be after enjoying Sir John Hall's narrative. "The Duke of Cumberland's Valet" is the story of the suicide of the body-servant to that royal personage, after an attempt to murder his master. The story got abroad that the Duke had murdered his valet, and one of the revelations of this essay is that Mr. Lytton Strachey, in his biography of Queen Victoria, seems to have been willing to repeat this rumor, neither affirming nor denying its truth, though he might easily have refuted it.

The two final chapters in the book are of lesser interest, but the second number, "The Northumberland Street Tragedy," makes one of the best stories of its kind I have read. It is not an unsolved mystery; almost all the external details, at least, were cleared up. (The reason why men risk the danger of committing a murder, or trying to commit one, is always a mystery.) But I have found great joy in "The Northumberland Street Tragedy," for its grim and unusual setting, and for a certain whimsicality which surrounded this ferocious attack upon the innocent but very capable retired officer, Major Murray.

I do not propose to spoil the narrative for its readers, but would like to suggest that there is something which recalls Mr. Chesterton's stories in the first appearance of Major Murray, about to leap out the back window of a private house, his face covered with blood, a pair of tongs in one hand, and an umbrella in the other. There is a curious note in the cry of young Mr. Roberts: "Oh, Mr. Lumb, some one has been and murdered father!" It recalls the humor of Mr. Gelett Burgess to read what was said when Major Roberts had jumped out of the window, had been deprived of his umbrella, and had tried to get it again, in order to return to his office. On being told that he was frightfully wounded (he had been shot twice in the head) he said: "Am I?" "Indeed, you are!" was the reply. "It's that d—— fellow Grey, upstairs," said the injured man. He was then informed that the man upstairs was named Roberts, whereupon the Major replied, as if this aggravated the offence: "*He told me that his name was Grey.*" There is something reminiscent of Dickens in the strange, dusty, and over-furnished apartment in which the Major had been so unaccountably attacked and where such a furious struggle had taken place. And there is a delicious element of sportsmanship in the feelings of the victim, when, carried to the hospital for treatment of his grievous wound he heard something more about the mysterious assailant. All that annoyed the sporting Major was that he had not received the consideration due to any kind of game:

"Why, damn him," said he, "he ought to be hanged for shooting a man on the ground."

And it was, when you come to think of it awfully bad taste of Roberts not to flush the Major before firing at him.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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American Annals

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By EDWARD CHANNING. Volume VI. The War for Southern Independence. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $2.20.

A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Volume I. (1492-1828.) By HOMER C. HOCKETT. Volume II. (1829-1925.) By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER. The same.

Reviewed by ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "A History of the United States Since the Civil War"

IT is now twenty years since Professor Channing published the first volume of his "History of the United States." The consecration of a life to the execution of so great a project commands admiration. The work proceeds indomitably. From the first volume, which dealt with the voyages of discovery to, and the first settlements in America, we are brought in the sixth to the Civil War, and with the compliments which the author will receive for his industry should be coupled expressions of acknowledgment of a public debt to him for his careful researches into, and the lucid statement of his conclusions about the affairs, great and little, which combined, year upon year, have given us our national history.

I am not of those to be accounted in entire accord with Professor Channing's method in history writing. He has somehow a little failed in giving his narrative a charm equal to its importance. In the weighing and study of his sources he involves his reader as well as himself in their mazes. By neglecting a whole class of sources, the newspaper, he has missed the ebb and flow of contemporary opinion which, if it contain pitfalls, is of unquestioned value in giving the author an insight into the course of events, not otherwise to be gained, as well as a verve in the quality of his narrative. The monograph writer is a useful servant of the historian. But he is not to be mistaken for the historian. His method is his own. He illuminates the way by his thoroughgoing treatment of individual incidents. The historian on his side is another man. He is the alchemist into whose crucible all (without reserve) must be poured with a view to finding the truth and showing it forth through an all comprehending eye, with, if possible, too, some of the vision which the artist uses in transforming the thing before him, into a result that will satisfy the higher senses. Then, and then only, will history succeed in holding a place, which it one time won and now is in danger of losing, in polite letters.

Many of Professor Channing's discussions as to causes and contributory influences, ethnic and economical, in the memorable war between our states are of new and high value. His treatment of the event, because of the scale of his work, is much briefer than is Rhodes's in that author's "History from 1850." It is, moreover, very different in method as well as in result. It deals more with backgrounds than with the more obvious happenings of the years under review, more with causes than with battles and men. Rhodes's was in no sense a military history. Channing's is still farther away from the smoke and din of the actual conflict of the armies.

The biographical element in the making of the history of the war has usually had, and may well hold, a larger place in the record of these critical years than Professor Channing accords it. Lincoln is seen but in a rather mythological position. Though suggesting that he was rather voluble in conversation, awkward in appearance and manner, and a very supple politician, Channing finds him to have been a "God-inspired man"; a theory which, if it were pursued to its logical conclusion, would go a long way toward solving the problems of the historian. Such an evasion of scholarly duties is reminiscent of the Professor of Staatsrecht in any one of the German universities a short while ago. Sovereignty, he said, from his cathedra (however, without daring to look up from his notes to meet the faces of his students), was in the monarch, and the monarch received his title to authority from God.

* * *

Turning from a large honest work, full of the fruits of independent research, to history for morons and their equals, the adolescents settled in our schools of colleges, is a considerable fall. Yet the latter, it needs not be said, is destined to be seen by more eyes and, in the fortunate case, to put its impress upon a greater number of minds. The quest of the Golden Fleece by the school book writers is diligently pursued. History teachers say that they are in no way clear about the problem which confronts them in the choice of texts. The variety which is offered by writer and publisher is but a confirmation of the differences of opinion that exist on this point. That there is need for a comprehensive work in comparatively brief compass, covering the entire period from Christopher Columbus to Calvin Coolidge, is the impulse for two new volumes bearing the title "A Political and Social History of the United States," with Professor Homer Hockett of the Ohio State University contributing the first, which takes the subject up to the beginning of the Jackson era, and Professor Schlesinger of Harvard continuing the task. The text is not documented even in the case of quotations from sources, but there is brief statement of the principal easily accessible works bearing on the particular subject in hand at the end of each chapter,—reading advice for the school boy and girl and the teacher who is trying to guide them on the way to a knowledge of, and a taste for the history of their country.

Illustration for the jacket of "Prairie," by Walter Muilenberg, the first book to be issued by the new publishing house, the Viking Press.

Professor Hockett has a swinging, popular style which should make him a favorite with his readers. His has been the no mean task of pressing the description of the events of 350 years into less than 400 pages. Professor Schlesinger has had the still more vexatious duty of writing history about an age not yet done. Quite a half of his volume tells of movements in which many men still living were participants, of which, therefore, they know more than the historian. To cover a field which is still within the range of the lecturer on "Current Affairs," often now called "Recent History," "Contemporary History" and the like, is not only to work without the historian's proper tools (the sources, of course, are still inaccessible) but amid prejudices and memories that inflame the reader's mind. If it be the writer's study to avoid controversy and ground for controversy, as it will be, for he will not wish to lie under the charge of confusing history with polemics, he will not be setting forth the truth, and he will then not be an historian. It is on this account that a work such as Professor Schlesinger has undertaken presents large difficulties. It should be said, nevertheless, that such a volume as his is calculated to serve as a guide of the greatest value in future history writing, and that it is not without a very real present worth for the purpose for which its chapters have been cast. He has courageously set down facts about evil men and evil things in our day which should improve the ideals of our youth, if they will stop to ponder them, and fill them with a resolution that the history of the United States in the era when they shall be its makers shall be marked by finer ambitions and worthier deeds.

A Study in Nation Building

CANADIAN FEDERATION: Its Origins and Achievement. By REGINALD GEORGE TROTTER. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1924.

Reviewed by GEORGE M. WRONG

University of Toronto

IT is surprising that so long an interval elapsed between the creation of the federal system of the United States and that of other nations. The dominant ideas in a real federalism are that the powers of government shall be divided between a central and a local authority, each with its own sphere of power, and that the people of each division within the federation shall perform the double function of local rule and of taking their due part in the exercise of central authority. In Europe for two peoples, the German and the Italian, federation seemed the natural form of union. Each had racial unity, combined with division into a number of states, yet Italy was in the end united under a single Parliament while, in German federalism one state dominated all the others. It was only in 1864, nearly a hundred years after the beginnings of federalism in the United States, that Canada outlined a system truly federal. War resulted as the final completion of German federalism in 1871, and since then the federal idea has spread over the world. Federalism may soon become a serious issue in Great Britain and China. As yet France and Italy seem to be untouched by it.

The spread of the federal idea is due to the needs of the large state. The functions of government are being multiplied and in a large state it is impossible to direct all affairs efficiently from a single centre. National defence requires unity, national efficiency requires the diversity suited to varying local needs, and federalism is the result. Mr. Trotter's book is a detailed account, based upon extensive research, of the forces which first united the Eastern provinces of British North America and then brought the West into the Union, so that, within a few years, Canada extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and equalled the United States in area. He does not make a romance of the story, but it really was a romantic achievement to unite colonies chiefly occupied with local politics into a great union. The task was carried out less by a discerning electorate than by a few far-seeing men as deserving of wide fame as the statesmen who in 1787 formed at Philadelphia a great federal union.

Mr. Trotter analyzes the various causes of this movement in Canada. It centred in the cleavage between the English and the French elements, linked in unhappy union by a unitary parliament set up in 1841. The most striking characteristic of the French in Canada is an intense resolve to maintain the ideals of their French culture—their language, their laws and their religion. United in a single parliament with the English, they were suspicious and often resentful, and made government a matter of incessant compromise. By 1864 what Goldwin Smith called "deadlock" had resulted, and the leaders grasped at federalism as a possible remedy. The French in Quebec were offered control of cultural and municipal interests in their local legislature, if they would accept a federal union which should control tariffs, the Post Office, the criminal law, banking, and other interests national in character. The English in what is now Ontario were ready for their own release on similar lines. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick sought economic salvation by making a condition of federation connection by rail with the older Canada. This union made Canada powerful enough to take over the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company in the West and British Columbia had to face a complete isolation or an expansive union;—and behold the Canada of today.

The question is often debated whether Canada in government has followed more the American than the English model. It is, like the United States, a real not a sham federation. But its federal system is merely an outline of the division of powers to be worked out on the basis of British parliamentary government. In this respect the system is British. But the federal outline is suggested by the United States. The Canadian union was created when civil war was making the United States a great military power. The imminence of war as a result of the Trent affair led Great Britain to urge the union of the British provinces, so that they might the better defend themselves. The need of the railway helped, for the colonies had not the credit to build the necessary lines without uniting

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their forces; and the racial issue brought the urgency for meeting the situation at once. Mr. Trotter divides his book into three parts: the first, of ten chapters, outlining the events which led to federation; the second, of twelve chapters, dealing with the economic causes and especially with transportation, as vital to union with the west; the third a summing up. The style is clear, if not brilliant, and the list of authorities consulted reveals the labor involved in the making of a useful book, the most adequate on the subject which has yet appeared.

The Soul of a Nation

GERMANY. By GEORGE P. GOOCH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY
Smith College

WHAT have Germans been doing and thinking during the last century, and especially during the last decade? A more adequate, unbiassed, and generally satisfactory answer could hardly be desired than in this initial volume of a new series, "The Modern World," edited by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. Mr. Gooch, from his travels in Germany, from his habit of reviewing German works, and from his previous admirable historical studies, not only gives the impression of a thorough mastery of his subject, but really has it. This is saying much, since he attempts to picture the soul of a nation which has been assailed and distracted by such a complex of hopes and fears, ambitions and memories, humiliations and sacrifices. Mr. Gooch does not often obtrude his own opinions. He is content to narrate and to explain. But he has a happy faculty for clever phrasing by which he can sum up a volume in a paragraph and a paragraph in a sentence. Only by this mastery of his subject and by this clever condensation could he have given such a remarkable survey in a single volume of the political, economic, and spiritual development of a great nation like modern Germany. From his Pisgah height he reveals a panorama which complacent Americans would do well to contemplate.

Mr. Gooch first tells succinctly the fairly well-known story of Germany's attempt and failure to secure democracy in 1848, of Bismarck's unification of small weak states into a single strong empire, of the extraordinary industrial development, of the war and final collapse. He points out that as the responsibility for the war was divided and as the struggle was disgraced by atrocities on both sides, we must abandon the delusion that either the German, or any other nation is afflicted with a double dose of original sin, or so far outside the pale of civilization that it must be treated as a pariah in the human family. Less well-known and therefore more valuable, is his analysis of the new German Constitution, the Youth Movement, the new relations of capital and labor under post-war conditions, the tendencies in literature and philosophy, and all the interesting problems and prospects in Germany as they appeared to him when he finished his manuscript, just before the election of Hindenburg. On the whole, he is optimistic, but rightly points out that Germany's future (and that of the world) depends not on the sentiments of the German people alone, but also on the treatment she receives from her neighbors and the world at large.

One of Mr. Gooch's greatest merits is his freedom from prejudice. There is an admirable balance in his book. The glorification of war and the spirit of hate in the ravings of formerly respected scholars like Gierke, Meyer, Sombart, and Lasson is effectively set forth as one of the sad phenomena of war; but it is balanced by a statement of the level-headed courage and wisdom of men like Quidde, Schücking Förster, and Nicolai. The selfish materialism by which Hugo Stinnes shrewdly profited by the flight of the mark to secure his colossal control of a fifth of the total production of Germany with no less than 1388 businesses, is balanced by the noble idealism of the billionaire Walter Rathenau; as economist, philosopher, author, and great captain of industry at the head of the German General Electric Company, Rathenau from his lofty watch tower busied himself with practical dreams for a new social order, when he was shot down by a cowardly anti-Semite assassin in June, 1922.

Reading this volume one has the impression of one walking through a museum or library,—a vast number of interesting subjects intriguing one to further study.

A Faithful Romanticist

JAMES BRANCH CABELL. By CARL VAN DOREN. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925. $1.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

IN the last half of the 19th century the conspicuous "Battle of the Books" lay between romantic and realistic, or naturalistic, novels. Mr. Howells battled for realism, it was thought not without some success. In the eighties and nineties however the romantics had the best of it in popular favor. But "after 1902" says Mr. Van Doren "the (romantic) style began to decline rapidly in energy and popularity. Only James Branch Cabell remained faithful, revising, strengthening, deepening his art with irony and beauty, until it became an art peculiar to himself." In 1884 the most popular novel was "Ben Hur," and at the end of the century the "best sellers" were "Janice Meredith," "Hugh Wynne," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Prisoners of Hope," "Richard Carvel," "Monsieur Beaucaire." But for twenty years past the realists have held the field, and at present the one who most enjoys the flood of the market along with the esteem of the critics, is probably Mr. Sinclair Lewis. The Middle Western realists lead both in power and popularity.

That romantic era of the eighties and nineties was also the era of the Southern sentimentalists (Page, Cable, Craddock, Hopkinson Smith) and humorists (Harris and Edwards). Undiluted sentiment from the South such as Page's "Meh Lady," was, to me at least, less attractive than the humor of Edwards. When the two were skilfully united as in Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal," you got something very nice. Cable was of course more than a sentimentalist and Uncle Remus more than humor.

If the weakness of the Southern romantics was sentimentalism, the weakness of the Middle Western realists is dulness, too much plodding observation unillumined of a spark, too stolid a culling of "simples." With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars.

Finally, now, there seems to be a tendency on the part of both schools to satire—to results more pungent and probably as truthful as any dry light photography, more pungent and with more vitamins in the blood than the old syrupy romance. Mr. Cabell is coming into his own and Mr. Lewis has arrived with a crash, both invigorated by their scorn. They shoot barbed arrows into the insensitive flesh of the body social. Welcome the era of the satirist! The more savagely he may get under the skin of society the better. It is a sluggish beast which harbors unclean parasites and is appallingly self-satisfied. You cannot hope to irritate it seriously but to interest it temporarily is worth while. The author will profit even if society does not, and very likely society will.

* * *

The scorn of both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Cabell evidently has some biographical causes. Mr. Cabell was a young brother of the Southern romantics. His first novel appeared in 1902, the year which Mr. Van Doren notes as the beginning of the end of that school. Most of the successful romancers followed the market, or tried to do so, and turned realistic if not doctrinal. Mr. Churchill became political and religious in Vermont. Mr. Tarkington returned to Indiana. But Mr. Cabell, coming only at the end of the era, yet stood by its colors as if knighthood were still in flower, faithful to the faith that the only true art is "to write perfectly about beautiful happenings." Has not his long and faithful journey through the desert of unappreciation had something to do with that "strengthening and deepening of his art with irony and beauty"? If he had been popular all these years, would he ever have achieved his irony? "Figures of Earth," "Domnei," "Jurgen," and "The High Place," are something very different from the sentiment and romance of the eighties and nineties. Those innocuous confections have ripened under neglect and developed an alcoholic content. His romance is a romance with a "kick" in it. The sentiment has been salted. In place of mellow humor there is mordant wit and scholarship.

Mr. Cabell is no longer negligible. He is a significant phenomenon in several directions. His ambition to "write perfectly of beautiful happenings" has been achieved to the extent that he has mastered the art of writing. He has that "style" the lack of which Mr. Brownell lately pointed out as the thing most lacking in current American literature. "Beautiful happenings" is an idea so vague as to be hardly an idea at all, but the search for them has sent him ranging the ages, from mythical Manuel of Poictesme down to Manuel's latest Virginian descendant. The most beautiful of happenings is to fall in love, and hence the lovers of the ages are the main concern. He has built up during these twenty years not only a large imagined world, curiously symbolic, allusive, fantastic, with more folk lore and sorcery than history in its parti-colored composition—but also a philosophy of life and of literature, explicit in the volume called "Beyond Life." Wit, humorist, satirist, scholar, novelist, philosopher, critic, with creative abundance, a flexible style adequate to any call, and a taste for erotic implications—he is the nearest analogue to Anatole France in this part of the world.

* * *

That philosophy of life would be more devastating if it were less decorative, and that theory of literature more persuasive if it were less partisan. *Vanitas vanitatum* is the most musical of sighs, and distaste for things of the present and passing day is expression both of a temperament and an attitude. Hotspur's opinion of the gentleman who objected to unhandsome corpses borne "betwixt the wind and his nobility" was the opinion of an over-violent realist on a misplaced attitude. Mr. Brownell maintains that what we need for the cure of ignobility in life as well as in literature is style; Mr. Cabell that it is romance. I am half-way of the conviction that they are both right, and that Mr. Cabell has the most plausible theory and defense extant of romance. But this argument would be more effective if he seemed aware that there is a theory and defense of realism in life and literature, which is quite as plausible. Its advocates — who would benefit by an acquaintance with Mr. Cabell's theory of romance — used to complain that "common persons" only cared for the rubbish of romance; that the slavey and the shop girl wanted to read about haughty princesses and belted earls, the clerk about wild adventures in vast wild places. So complains Mr. Cabell that the "common person" likes best to read novels about lives like his own and people like himself. My own impression is that both complaints represent more chagrin than observation; that there is no "common person," no kind of taste or imagination that is everybody's or generally most people's, but that of a million novel readers more of them naturally like some kind of romance than naturally like any real realism.

First class art never reproduces its own background—This is undisputable—What mankind has generally agreed to accept as first class art has never been a truthful reproduction of the artist's era.

If "Madame Bovary," "Fathers and Sons," "Brothers Karamosov," are not first class art, what is? If the Iliad and the Divine Comedy do not truthfully reproduce the artists' era, then what is truth? If Mr. Cabell prefers "Henry Esmond" to "Vanity Fair," there are critics on both sides of that "indisputable" question. To me, and probably to most people, "Madame Bovary" seems more like first class art than "Salammbo," and on the other side, the "Scarlet Letter" more like it than the contemporaneous "Blithedale Romance." It seems to depend not on principles but on peculiarities of talent and temperament. Charles Reade wrote many novels realistic and *tendenz*, but only one great one, which was historical. "Don Quixote" reproduces realistically its background, and is both the satire of chivalry and its requiem.

* * *

If one defines realism as the portrayal of things only as they are, and romance their portrayal as they ought to be, it is not difficult to conclude that realism is stagnation and all uplift romance. Man rises from the beast by reaching after ideals. He "plays the ape of his dreams." The capacity for seeing things other and better than they are is his whole secret, and that is romance. Romance is the divine in him, and realism the energy that keeps him down. Romance seems to be a kind of heavenward fluttering leafage, and realism the sordid stationary

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roots. If the tree would only discard its roots and live on its leaves, it would be the ideal tree, uplifted, reaching after the divine.

But all this is far from the "Battle of the Books." It is not the meaning of romance, nor the meaning which Mr. Cabell's romances exemplify. There is something of the demiurge in all creative art, in every powerful novel, realistic, or romantic, or happily unclassified. To "rationally accept his limitations" is the doctrine, not of realism, but of classicism, which would reply to Mr. Cabell's doctrine: "Yes, and no one can write perfectly of beautiful happenings who does not rationally accept his limitations." The difference between the romantic and classic, said Goethe, is the difference between sickness and health. But it does not seem to me that any of these dicta are indisputable.

"It may happen, indeed, that the day will never dawn wherein honest persons may, without incuring the suspicion of illiterary or posturing, admit the long winded drivel of the "Life and Strange Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner" to be commensurate with the title; and point out that the erotic adventures of Tom Jones are, after all, too few and too inadequately detailed to prevent his biography from being tiresome." *En revanche* one might substitute the two dramatists, over whom Mr. Cabell wakes from the habit of distaste into eloquence of praise, thus: "It may be the day will never dawn when honest persons may without such suspicion admit the windy bellowings of Marlowe to be commensurate with that epithet; and point out that the wit of Wycherley is not, after all, enough to save his eternal rakishness from tedium, or transmute into gallantry its cold, withered and intolerable entrails." And the two commentaries would seem to be perhaps about equally silly.

I agree with Mr. Van Doren—whose excellent little book is however not as penetrative as he could, I think, if he had chosen, have made it—that the Poictesme novels ("Figures of Earth," "Domnei," "Jurgen," "The High Place") are the really fine things; and the latter day "Virginian" ("The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," "The Cream of the Jest") rather trivial. It is in the volumes of discussion and criticism ("Beyond Life," "Straws and Prayer Books") that one has most leisure, perhaps, from other interest to notice the grace and finish of Mr. Cabell's style. Mr. Van Doren ought to succeed in drawing the attention of lovers of choice things to a writer of unquestionable distinction.

Joseph Conrad—the late novelist and seaman—is to be the inspiration for the great library and reading room in the Annex to the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street, which will be built as a memorial to him according to an announcement made by Sir T. Ashley Sparks, Chairman of the Joseph Conrad Memorial Committee of the Institute.

The memorial room, which has been designed by Warren & Wetmore, architects, will be approximately 162 feet in length by 60 feet in width and will occupy the entire second floor of the Annex. It will cost approximately $100,000, of which half will be used for building and half for endowment.

It is planned to make it a shrine for all Conrad lovers. Already the Committee has received valuable letters from Mrs. Conrad and from notable admirers and friends of the late author that are of historical value. It is the desire of the Committee to receive other material relating to Conrad that may eventually form a part of the Conrad souvenirs that will comprise part of the memorial. Mr. F. N. Doubleday has promised a special memorial edition of Mr. Conrad's work for the room.

The monthly summary for July of first editions of American and English authors most in demand as shown by the advertisements in the department, "Books Wanted," of *The Publishers' Weekly* gives the following ten as at the head of the list: J. B. Cabell, Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, William McFee, Joseph Hergesheimer, Archibald Marshall, Theodore Dreiser, and Woodrow Wilson. Commenting upon the general American demand for first editions, it is noted that political leaders like Roosevelt and Wilson never lack collectors, and the nineteenth century authors, Thoreau, Hawthorne, James and Poe, are always active.

The Bowling Green

In August

WHAT is it that happens to the mind in August? It æstivates. In this imperial and drowsy month it retires into a warm beaming inefficiency. It secludes in the secret splendor of its loneliness. With gently ironic amusement it watches the lively body which now pleasures in swimming, in digging, in all glistening amusement under the heavy sun. Burdened with dreams, the mind has no word. Something in it is dead, and visited only by the buzz-flies of fancy, with their green and purple wings.

The sultry ripeners of the earth is too plain a parable. Noon brims over with golden insult, a foam of sunny anger washes the garden beds. Seeds of anger sprinkle in the fertile speechless heart, seeds for winter flowers. The August mind is too stupid (or, if you will, too wise), to think in words. It receives only feelings. In the thick emptiness of night, dry insects chatter some monstrous creed. Dogs, the only determined custodians of human morals, yell sudden indignation through the woods. Dogs are born journalists; their voices are like extras of dismay.

Be patient with the slack mind of August: it is a noble time. Under the powdered ash and rubbish the spark still bites the knot. Deep in the parallel forest, fancy, the sunburnt *carbonaro*, tends his sullen fire.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

To medicine the grossness of August one turns to the savagery of physical effort. Cutting down trees, spading up roots, cleaning and burning brush in the little tangled lot behind the garage, is rhubarb and soda to the spirit. Having spaded and raked and smoothed, let in the fierce carbolic sun and laid out a small gravel path as *Philosophenweg* (to straighten and restrict the ambling pace of fancy), it struck the laborer that one thing was lacking. The Buddhist, when strangeness is abroad, pastes up his shrine with clean paper to keep the ghosts of his ancestry from offense. But some others (wiser, I think), believe that the only way to placate weird spirits is to invite them in and make them at home. Seeing the little emptiness under the tent of grapevine, the gardener knew then what was needed. A bust of Pan.

A dozen years ago, outside that old stone yard on 32nd Street (the Pennsylvania Hotel was built over it afterward), there was a stone head of Pan on a tall pedestal. It stood in the doorway, grinning with queer mischief and frustration. Many commuters, who used to hasten by, must remember the gay and satiric face, the wreath of grape leaves, the small sprouting horns. When the hotel was built, Pan disappeared. There is one something like him in front of a chophouse on 44th Street. Some day, perhaps, I shall find him myself. Then we shall dedicate his grape arbor to him—perhaps by reading one of Tom Dekker's prayers in "Four Birds of Noah's Arke," which Appleton has just republished. "That a dramatist of the Elizabethan age," says the Appleton announcement, "not noted himself either for piety or virtue, should succeed in writing prayers so moving and genuine is an interesting problem of genius." Oh blessed naïveté of blurb-writers! When were any genuine prayers ever written save by men with some seed of anguish in their hearts?

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But there are shrines greater than mine still waiting for a god. The other day, while I was reading E. Barrington's "Glorious Apollo," that delightfully feminine book, and amusing myself by wondering how many letters "E. Barrington" must be getting from fermenting ladies under the notion that she is a man, the telephone rang; and in consequence I found myself, soon afterward, in an enchanted place. In the gardens of a François Premier chateau, on a Long Island hilltop, there is a little open air theatre. Approaching it down long alleys of formal foliage, past rosaries and sundials and an acre of fountain pools, with a gradually increasing sense of something important to be seen, you reach the low grassy terraces, empty in the dusk. At the end of the space is a little French *temple d'amour*, graceful stone pillars surmounted by an open dome of dainty iron filigree. Retrieved entire from some misfortuned French pleasance, there it stands; but the little Venus or Cupid that should laugh within is absent. What a strange feeling of lack that absence gave. Stretching outward on either hand were the fragrant cedar-aisles that the imagination thronged with bright nymphs and twilight music to do honor to the god. It was a whiff of eighteenth century France, miraculously captivated leagues and lifetimes from home; and if the necessary image were there—one cry of passion among the ceremonies green—old French deities would not hesitate to send their ambassadors. And what a pretty fancy, in the design of those little absurd temples: the open roof, so that even the naked goddess of fable must abide the fortunes of the weather. Perhaps there was also a savory pellet of wisdom for the mind to chew: after all these lovely artifices of landscape, these parterres and hedges and perfections of floral art—the little shrine was bare. An analogy, was it, intended by the wise seigneur? Does he mean that Beauty will never wholly reveal herself of her own accord, that what we imagine on the altar is more compelling than anything the sculptor could put?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Some time ago I wrote here about a little Café-Bar on the Boule' Miche in Paris, and of the friendly man there from whom I used to get my morning coffee. Certainly the last thing I expected was that the article would come to his notice; but the following letter arrives, so characteristic of the spirit of the Sorbonne neighborhood, that I ask no apology for reprinting it:

MONSIEUR: A la lecture de votre article, racontant vos impressions sur le bar da la Sorbonne, Boul' S. Michel a Paris, j'ai pris tout particulièrement connaissance des impressions que vous avez causées l'homme de derrière le bar, aux yeux proéminents, aimables, et endurants.

Un de vos abonnés, de passage a Paris, m'a reconnu a la lecture seule de votre article.

Je tiens a vous remercier personellement de l'attention que vous avez eu pour moi, en me signalant a vos compatriotes d'Amérique et amis de notre chère France.

Je pourrais ajouter a votre article ceci: c'est homme qui travaille dans un bar, mais malgré sa pauvreté désire et a décidé de faire et de poursuivre ses études en droit pour se monter un jour plus utile a son pays la France et si cela est possible a son Alliée les Etats-Unis.

Recevez Monsieur mes remerciements les plus chaleureuses et mes sentiments les plus repectueux.

L. B.

(Employé deputs deux ans au bar de la Sorbonne, a fait la guerre et a gagné au front la Croix des braves.)

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The pleasantest story I have heard this summer is of an American man of letters who was honored, in London, by a temporary guest-membership in the Athenæum Club. One very warm afternoon he stunned his waiter by asking for iced tea. After a good deal of dismay, consultation with the upper servants, and repeated courteous inquiry as to whether he had been correctly understood, iced tea was prepared.

"I fancy, sir," said the head-waiter, as the guest-member departed, "I fancy, sir, this will constitute a precedent."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Books and the Beau Monde

(*Continued from page* 57).

free wit and graceful irony which have made life worth living for the sensitive in the midst of so many stupid congregations of the unlicked, may turn sour as often before on the lips of the writer inbred among his own kind, to be extinguished for lack of proper hearers.

France and England still retain the tradition of a civilization in which literature makes a social entrée if not always a social position. The superior finish of even second-rate French and English books is perhaps a response, and the greater amenity of French and English society certainly a result. The American love of classifying, which sends all the dentists to Atlantic City, all the shoe salesmen to New York, and all the doctors to Lake Placid, and which would make one social group of merchants, another of college professors, a third of the movie folk, and society exclusively from millionaires with Grade A country houses, means that we are in danger of depriving the writer of his age-long function as lubricant for the mass and stimulant for the best. Quality in literature, which gets too little encouragement, will have least appreciation where it most expects it, and quality in living will be deprived of the elements which make it more than an assurance of good sport, good food, good clothes, and good drink.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his remarks about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. It is to visit a family which as political refugees from France had found shelter in his father's home in England, and which is now resident in Italy, that he has come to Genoa. His visits to the Countess of Montevesso give him an insight into the political background of her circle, and make him acquainted with the facts of her unhappy marriage as well as with her ill-favored husband and his half-savage niece. Upon this niece the young Englishman makes so deep an impression that she declares to her uncle her desire to have him for herself. Count Helion, while trying to soothe her, remarks to an English physician that he doesn't want "that popingay" around. Cosmo mysteriously vanishes from the inn at which he has been staying.

THIS investigator of the secret discontents and aspirations of his time had never shut his ears to the mere social gossip that came in his way. He had lived long, he remembered much. For instance, he could remember things that were said about Sir Charles Latham long before Cosmo was born. As to the story of the Montevesso marriage, that had made noise enough in its time in society and also among the French *émigrés*. Its celebration, the subsequent differences, reconciliations, recriminations, and final arrangement had kept idle tongues wagging for years. Of course it was that match which had given that dubious Montevesso his social standing; and what followed had invested that absurd individual with the celebrity of a character out of a Molière comedy: "Le Jaloux." The elderly jealous husband. Comic enough. But that was the sort of comedy that soon takes a tragic turn. A special provocation, a sudden opportunity are enough. What puzzled the doctor was the suddenness of the problem. Yet one could not tell what an orientalized brute, no stranger probably to palace murders, had not the means of doing. He might have been harbouring in that barn of a palace some retainers of a deadly kind. A Corsican desperado, or a couple of rascals from his own native mountains. Had he not two unattractive old peasant women concealed there?

The doctor believed that unlikely things happened every day. The view was not the result of inborn credulity but of much acquired knowledge of a secret sort. A serious, fastidious, and obviously earnest-minded young man, like Latham, was particularly liable to get into trouble of a grave kind. A manifestation of perfectly innocent sympathy could do it, and even less. An unguarded glance. An unconscious warmth of tone. Confound it! Yet he could not let a young countryman of his, a nice, likable young gentleman, vanish from under his nose without taking some steps.

The doctor stepped out into the hall, attractively dim and cool in the middle of the day. Spire had disappeared, but the doctor had given up the hope of Cosmo's return. In a dark corner he perceived the shadowy shape of a cocked hat, and made out the old lieutenant leaning back against the wall with his arms crossed and his chin on his breast. He had a bottle of wine and a glass standing in front of him.

"I suppose," thought the doctor, "this is what he comes ashore for."

The product of twenty years of war. The reeking loom that converted such as he into food for guns had stopped suddenly. There would be no demand for heroes for a long long time, and somehow the fact that the fellow had all his limbs about him made him even more pathetic. The doctor had almost forgotton Cosmo. He did not notice Spire coming down the stairs, and he started at the sound of the words, "I beg your pardon, sir," uttered almost in his ears. The elderly valet was very much shaken. He said in a low murmur. "I am nearly out of my mind, sir. My master. . ."

"I know," interrupted the doctor. He pounced upon Spire like a bird of prey. "Come, what do you know about it?"

This reception roused Spire's dislike of that sour and off-hand person like no medical man he had ever seen and certainly no gentleman. On the principle, "like master like man," Spire was more sensitive to manner than to any trait of personality. He pulled himself together and steadied his voice. "I know nothing, sir, except that you were the last person seen speaking to Mr. Latham."

"You don't think I have got him in my pocket, do you?" asked Doctor Martel, noting the hostile stare. "Don't you attend your master when he retires for the night?"

"I got dismissed early last night. I am sorry to say I sat downstairs after supper very late, listening to tales about one thing and another. I . . . I went to sleep there," added Spire with a sort of desperation.

"Listening to tales," repeated the doctor jeeringly. "Pretty tales they must have been, too. Zillers is no company for a respectable English servant. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Well, and then?"

"I went up sir, and . . . "

"In the middle of the night," suggested the doctor.

"It was pretty late. I . . . "

He faltered at the remembrance. The waking up in the cold dark kitchen, the cold dark staircase, the light shining through the keyhole of Mr. Cosmo's bedroom, the first vague feeling that there was something wrong, the empty room. And most awful of all, the bed slept in, and the candles in the candelabras burning low. He remembered his horror, incredulity, his collapse into an armchair where he sat till broad daylight in a pitiable state of mental agitation.

A slight tremor passed through his portly frame before he forced himself to speak.

"Mr. Latham had emptied his pockets, sir, as if he were making ready to go to bed. All the change and the keys were lying on the mantelpiece. One would think he had been kidnapped. Of course it can't be," he added in a low, intense tone.

"Do you mean to say he disappeared without his hat?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir, hat and cloak aren't there." And to the doctor's further questions Spire confessed that he had spoken to no one in the house that morning. He would only have been told lies. He did not think much of the people in the inn.

"So I took the liberty of speaking to you, sir," Mr. Latham may turn up any moment and I don't know that he would like to find that I have been to the police already."

"No, perhaps he wouldn't," assented the doctor reflectively.

"That's just it, sir," murmured Spire. "Mr. Cosmo iis a very peculiar young gentleman. He doesn't like notice to be taken."

"Doesn't he? Well then, you had better wait before you go to the police. We had better give him till four o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said Spire, fighting down his feeling that nothing in the world would be worse than this waiting. The doctor nodded dismissal, then at the last moment:

"By the by, hadn't you better look up all the papers that may be lying about?"

SPIRE was favourably impressed by the suggestion.

"Yes, sir, we have a small strong box with [illegible]. I will go and do it at once."

During that colloquy, conducted in low tones at the foot of the grand staircase, nobody had appeared in the hall. Not even the vigilant Cantelucci. But the elderly lieutenant had raised his head, and his dull uninterested eyes followed the doctor across the hall and out through the door into the sunshine of the square. In all its vast and paved extent only very few figures were moving. The doctor's tastes and even his destiny had made him a nocturnal visitor to the abodes of the great. At this time of the day, however, there was almost as little risk of being seen entering the Palace of the Griffins as in the middle of the night. The populace, the shopkeepers, the Austrian garrison, the gendarmes, the *sbirri*, the spies, and even the conspirators were indulging in midday repose. The very team of dapple-gray horses, harnessed to an enormous two-wheeled cart drawn up in the shade, dozed over their empty nosebags. Dogs slumbered in the doorways in utter abandonment; and only the bronze griffins seated on their narrow pedestals of granite before the doorway of the Palace preserved their alert wide-awake pose of everlasting watchfulness. They were really very fine. And the doctor gave them an appreciative glance before crossing the empty quadrangle. He felt the only wide-awake person in a slumbering world. He wondered if he would succeed in getting admitted to the Palace. If not, he confessed to himself, he would be at a loss what to do next. Very disagreeable. He had, however, the memorandum for the Marquis in his pocket as a pretext for his visit.

ALL was still without and within; but in the noble anteroom at the foot of the marble staircase he was met by a sight characteristic of the easy Italian ways. Extended face downward on one of the red and gold benches, one of the footmen in shirt-sleeves and with his breeches united at the knees was sleeping profoundly. His dishevelled head rested on his forearm. At an unceremonious poke in the ribs he jumped up to his feet, looking scared and wild. But Doctor Martel was ready for him.

"What's the matter, my friend?" he asked softly. "Is there a price set on your head?"

The man remained open-mouthed as if paralyzed by the caustic enquiry.

"Fetch the major-domo here," commanded the doctor, thinking that he had seldom seen a more bandit-like figure. While waiting, the doctor reflected that a livery coat was a good disguise. It occurred to him also that in the house of a man having such retainers all sorts of things might happen. This was Italy. The silence as of a tomb, which pervaded the whole house, though nothing extraordinary in the hour of siesta, produced the effect of a sinister mystery. The arrival of the sleek Bernard did not destroy that bad impression. The doctor, who had never seen him before by daylight, said to himself that this was no doubt only another kind of villain. On learning that the Marquis had been very ill during the night and that Bernard could not think of taking in his name, the doctor inquired whether Madame de Montevesso would see him on most important business. To his great relief (because he had been asking himself all along how he could contrive to get private speech with the Countess) Bernard raised no objections. He simply went away. And again the dumbness around him grew oppressive to Doctor Martel. He fell into a brown study. This palace, famed for the treasures of art, for the splendours of its marbles and paintings and gildings, was no better than a gorgeous tomb. Men's vanity erected these magnificent abodes only to receive in them the unavoidable guest, Death, with all the ceremonies of superstitious fear. The sense of human mortality evoked by this dumb palazzo was very disagreeable. He was relieved by the return of the noiseless Bernard, all in black and grave like a sleek caretaker of that particular tomb, who stood before him saying in a low voice: "Follow me, please."

Bernard introduced the doctor into a comparatively small, well-lighted boudoir. At the same moment Madame de Montevesso entered it from her bedroom by another door. The doctor had an impression of a gown with a train, trimmed with ribbons and lace, surmounted by a radiant fair head. The face was pale. Madame de Montevesso had been up most of the night with her father. The Marquis was too ill to see anybody.

The doctor expressed his regret in a formal tone.

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Meantime he took out of his pocket the memoir and begged Madame la Comtesse to keep it under lock and key till she could hand it over to her father. He was also in possession of information which, he said, would be of the greatest interest to the French court; but he could disclose it only to the French King or to Monsieur de Jaucourt. He was ready to proceed to Paris should the Marquis be impressed sufficiently by the memoir to procure for him a private audience from the King or the minister.

This curt, businesslike declaration called out a smile on that charming face—just a flicker—a suspicion of it. He could not be offended with that glorious being. He felt only that he must assert himself.

"I CANNOT deal with lesser people," he said simply. "This must be understood in Paris. I make my own conditions. I am not a hireling. Your father has known me for years. Monsieur le Marquis and I met in other, dangerous times, in various parts of Europe. Each of us was risking his life."

The Marquis had often talked with his daughter of his past. She had heard from him of a certain agent Martel, a singular personage. Her curiosity was aroused. She said:

"I know. I believe he was indebted to you for his safety on one occasion. I can understand my father's motives. But you will forgive me for saying that as to yours . . . "

"Oh! It was not the love of absolutism. The fact is, I discovered early in life that I was not made for a country practice. I started on my travels with no definite purpose, except to do a little good—here and there. I arrived in Italy while it was being revolutionized by Jacobins. I was not in love with them either. Humane impulses, circumstances, and so on, did the rest."

He looked straight at her. The tête-à-tête was a unique experience. She was a marvelouts being somehow and a very great lady. And yet she was as simple as a village maid—a glorified village maid. The trials of a life of exile and poverty had stripped her of the faintest trace of affectation or artificiality of any kind. The doctor was lost in wonder. What humanizing force there was in the beauty of that face to make him talk like that the first time he saw her! And suddenly the thought, "her face has been her fortune," came to him with great force, evoking by the side of her noble unconscious grace the stiff wooden figure of Count de Montevesso. The effect was horrible, but the doctor's hard gray eyes betrayed neither his horror nor his indignation. He only asked Madame de Montevesso, who was locking up his memoir in the drawer of a little writing table, if it would be safe there, and was told that nobody ever came into the room but a confidential mulatto maid who had been with the Countess for years.

"Yes, as far as you know," the doctor ventured significantly. With this beginning he found no difficulty in discovering that Madame de Montevesso knew nothing of the composition of the household. She did not know how many servants there were. She had not been interested enough to look over the Palazzo. Apart from the private apartments and the suite of rooms for small receptions she had seen nothing of it, she confessed, looking a little surprised. It was clear that she knew nothing, suspected nothing, had lived in that enormous and magnificent building like a lost child in a forest. The doctor felt himself at the end of his resources, till it occurred to him to say that he hoped that she was not specially anxious about her father. No, Madame de Montevesso was not specially anxious. He seemed better this morning. Doctor Martel was very much gratified; and then, by a sudden inspiration, added that it would be a pleasure to give the good news to Mr. Latham whom he hoped to see this evening.

Madame de Montevesso turned rigid with surprise for a moment at the sound of that name. "You have met Mr. Latham . . . " she faltered out.

"Oh! By the merest chance. We are staying at the same inn. He shares my table. He is very attractive."

Madame de Montevesso looked no longer as though she expected her visitor to go away. The doctor had just time to note the change before he was asked point blank:

"Did Mr. Latham tell you that he was a friend of ours?"

He answered evasively that he knew very little about Mr. Latham, except what he could see for himself—that Mr. Latham was very superior to the young men of fashion coming over in such numbers from England since the end of the war. That generation struck him as very crude and utterly uninteresting. It was different, as far as Mr. Latham was concerned. A situation had risen which would make a little information as to his affairs very desirable.

"Desirable?" repeated Madame de Montevesso in a whisper.

"Yes, helpful. . . ."

The deliberate stress which he put on that word augmented Madame de Montevesso's bewilderment.

"I don't quite understand. In what way? Helpful *for you*—or helpful *for Mr. Latham?*"

"You see," said the doctor slowly, "though our acquaintance was short my interest was aroused. I am a useful person to know for those who travel in Italy."

Madame de Montevesso sank into a *bergère*, pointing at the same time to a chair which faced it. But the doctor, after a slight bow, only rested his hand on its high back. At the end of five minutes Adèle was in possession of all the doctor knew about Cosmo's disappearance. She sat silent, her head dropped, her eyes cast down. The doctor was beginning to feel restive when she spoke, without looking up.

"And this is the real motive for your visit here."

The doctor was moved by the hopeless tone. It might have been an attempt to appear indifferent, but, only in a moment, she seemed to have become lifeless.

"Well," he said, "on the spur of the moment it seemed the only thing to do. . . . There is somebody in the next room. May I shut the door?"

"It's only my maid," said Madame de Montevesso. "She couldn't hear us from there."

"Well, then perhaps we had better leave the door as it is. It's best to avoid all appearance of secrecy." The doctor was thinking of Count Helion, but Madame de Montevesso made no sign. The doctor lowered his voice still more.

"I wanted to ask you if you had seen him yesterday—last night. No? But he may have called without your knowledge."

She admitted that it was possible. People had been sent away from the door on account of her father's illness. There had been no reception in the evening. But Mr. Latham would have asked for her. She thought she would have been told. The doctor suggested that Mr. Latham might have asked for the Count. Madame de Montevesso had only seen her husband for a moment in her father's bedroom the day before, and not at all yet this day. For all she knew he may have been away for the day on a visit in the country. "But I know nothing of his interests, really," she said in a little less deadened voice.

SHE could not explain to the doctor that she was a stranger in that house; an unwilling visitor with an unsympathetic host whose motives one cannot help suspecting. Beyond the time she spent by arrangement every year at Count de Montevesso's country house she knew nothing of his life. What could have been the motives which brought him to Genoa, she had and could have not the slightest idea. She only felt that she ought not to have accepted his pressing invitation to this hired palazzo. But then she could not have come with her father to Genoa. And yet he could not have done without her. And indeed it seemed but a small thing. The alarming thought crossed her mind that, all unwittingly, she had taken a fatal step.

The doctor, who had quite an accurate notion of the state of affairs, hastened to say:

"After all, I don't know that this is of any importance. I have heard that Mr. Latham was busy writing all yesterday. If he had come to Italy with some sort of purpose," he continued as if arguing with himself, "one could . . . " Then sharply: "You couldn't tell me anything, could you?" he asked Adèle.

"This is the first time I have seen him for ten years." Madame de Montevesso raised her eyes, full of trouble, to the doctor's face. "Since we were children together in Yorkshire. We talked of old times. Only of old times," she repeated.

"Of course—very natural," mumbled the doctor. He made the mental remark that one did not disappear like this after talking of old times. And aloud he said, "I suppose Mr. Latham made the acquaintance of Count de Montevesso."

"Certainly."

"I presume that they had an opportunity to have a conversation together."

"I don't think that Cosmo—that Mr. Latham made any confidences to Count de Montevesso." While saying those words Adèle looked the doctor straight in the face.

He was asking himself whether she could read his thoughts, when she got up suddenly and walked away to the windows, without haste and with a grace of movement which aroused the doctor's admiration. He could not tell her what he had in his mind. He looked irresolutely at the figure in the window. It was growing enigmatic in its immobility. He began to feel some little awe, when he heard unexpectedly the words:

"You suspect a crime?"

The doctor could not guess the effort which went to the uttering of those few words. It was the stunning force of the shock which enabled Adèle de Montevesso to appear so calm. It was the general humanity of Doctor Martel's disposition which dictated his answer.

"I suspect some imprudence," he admitted in an easy tone. At that moment he drew the gloomiest view of Cosmo's disappearance, from the sinister conviction that twenty-four hours was enough to arrange an assassination. "The difficulty is to imagine a cause for it. To find the motive. . . ."

Madame de Montevesso continued to face the window as if lost in the contemplation of a vast landscape. "And you came to look for it here," she said.

"I don't think I need to apologize," he said, with a movement of annoyance like a man who has received a home thrust. "Of course I might have simply gone about my own affairs, which are of some importance to a good many people. My advice to Mr. Latham was to leave Genoa, since he did not seem to have any object in remaining and seemed to have a half-formed wish to visit Elba. I suggested Leghorn as the best port for crossing over."

It was impossible to say whether the woman at the window was listening to him at all. She did not stir, she seemed to have forgotten his existence. But that immobility might have been also the effect of concentrated attention. He made up his mind to go on speaking.

"His mind, his imagination seemed very busy with Napoleon. It seemed to me the only reason for his travels." He paused.

"I believe the only reason for Mr. Latham coming to Genoa was to see us." Madame de Montevesso turned round and moved back towards the *bergère*. She was extremely pale. "I mean father and myself," she explained. "He came to see me the day before yesterday in the morning. I invited him to our usual evening reception. He stayed after everybody else was gone. I asked him to. But my father needed me and I had to leave Mr. Latham with Monsieur de Montevesso."

The doctor interrupted her gently. "I know, Madame. I was in the Palazzo with the Marquis, in the very room, when he sent for your husband."

"I forgot," confessed Madame de Montevesso simply. "But Mr. Latham got back to his inn safely."

"Yes. He was writing letters next day till late in the evening, and seems to have been spirited away in the middle of that occupation. But people like Mr. Latham are not spirited out of their bedrooms by main force. I advised the servant to wait till four o'clock, then I came straight here."

"Till four o'clock," repeated Madame de Montevesso under her breath.

The doctor, a man of special capacity in confronting enigmatical situations, showed himself as perplexed before this one as the most innocent of mortals.

"I don't know. It seems to me that a man who puts on his hat and cloak before vanishing like this must turn up again. He ought to be given a chance to do so at any rate. He left all his money behind, too. I mean even to the small change."

The glimpse of helpless concern in that man affected Adèle with a feeling of actual bodily anguish. She got brusquely out of the *bergère* and moved into the middle of the room. The doctor, letting go the back of the chair, turned to face her.

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"I am appalled," she murmured.

This came out as if extracted from her by torture. It moved the doctor more than anything he had heard for years. His voice sank into a soothing murmur.

"I do believe, Madame, that if there had been a murder committed last night anywhere in this town I would have heard something about it this morning. My inn is just the place for such news. I will go back there now. I shall question his servant again. He may give us a gleam of light."

Her intent, distressed gaze was unbearable, yet held him bound to the spot. It was difficult to abandon a woman in that state! He became aware of the sound of voices outside the door. Some sort of dispute. He hastened to make his bow, and Madame de Montevesso, moving after him, whispered eagerly: "Yes! A gleam of light! Do let me know. I won't draw a free breath till I hear something."

Her extended arms dropped by her side a moment before the door flew open and Bernard was heard announcing with calm formality.

"Signorina Clelia."

THE doctor, turning away from Madame de Montevesso, saw "that little wretch" standing just within the room, evidently very much taken aback by the unexpected meeting. He guessed that she had snatched at some opportunity to escape from the old woman. It had given her no time to pull on her stockings, a fact made evident by the shortness of the dark petticoat which, with a white jacket, comprised all her costume. She had managed to thrust her bare feet into a pair of old slippers, and her loose hair, tied with a blue ribbon at the back of her head, produced a most incongruous effect of neatness. Her invasion was alarming and inexplicable. The doctor, as he passed out, compressed his lips and stared fiercely with some idea of scaring her into good behaviour. She met this demonstration with a round stupid stare of astonishment. The next moment he found himself outside in the corridor alone with Bernard, who had shut the door quietly and remained with his back to it. The exasperated doctor looked him up and down coolly.

"How long have you been in the habit of hanging about your lady's door, my friend?" he asked with ominous familiarity.

The simple-minded factotum of the London days, the love-lorn naïve swain of the mulatto maid, was a figure of the past now. The doctor was confronted by a calm unmoved servant of much experience, somewhat inclined to stoutness, made respectable by the black well-fitting clothes. He did not flinch at the question, but he took his time. At last he said with the utmost placidity:

"Many years now. Pretty near all my life."

The tone was well calculated to surprise the doctor. Taking advantage of the latter's silence, Bernard paused before he continued reasonably: "Was I to let her rush in unannounced on Madame la Comtesse while you were there? I tried to send her away but she would think nothing of filling the air with her screams. I kept her back as long as it was prudent. . . ." He raised his open hand, palm outwards, warning the doctor to remain silent, while with conscientious gravity he applied his big ear to the door. When he came away he did not apparently intend to take any further notice of the doctor, but stood there with an air of perfect rectitude.

"Is that your constant practice?" asked the astonished doctor, with curiosity rather than indignation. "Suppose I told on you," he added with a glance at the door. "Suppose somebody else gave you away. . . . ."

"You would not be thanked," was the unexpected answer.

"I wouldn't be believed—is that it? Well I confess that I can hardly believe my own eyes."

"Oh, you would be believed," was the ready but dispassionate admission. Bernard's trust in his interlocutor's acuteness was not deceived.

"Do you mean that you have been found out already?" said the doctor in a changed tone. "Whew! You don't say! Well, stranger things have happened. Whose old retainer are you?"

"I have always belonged to Madame la Comtesse," said the old retainer without looking at the doctor, who, after some meditation, accepted the statement at its face value.

"I am staying at Cantelucci's inn," he said in an ordinary conversational tone. "And I would be glad to see you there any time you like to call. Especially if you had anything to tell me of Mr. Latham." Bernard not responding in any way to that invitation, the doctor added, "You know what I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean." That answer came coldly from the lips of the respectable servant, who said nothing more while conscientiously escorting the doctor to the anteroom at the foot of the grand staircase. A little bowed old woman in black clothes clung to the balustrade half way down the marble steps, in the act of descending, while another, taller and upright, hovered anxiously on the landing above. Bernard's scandalized, "Go away! Go back!" sounded irrestibly authoritative. The doctor had no doubt that it would send the two crones back to their lair, but he did not stop to see.

Bernard went up the staircase slowly to the first landing, where he watched the retreat of the two weird apparitions down a long and dim corridor. They were very much intimidated by this man in black and with a priestly aspect. One of them, however, made a stand, and screamed in an angry cracked voice, "Where's the child? The child! We are looking for her."

"Why don't you take her back to your village and keep her there?" he cried out sternly. "I have seen her. She won't get lost."

A distant door slammed. They had vanished as if blown away by his voice; and Bernard with a muttered afterthought, "More's the pity," continued up one flight of stairs after another till he reached the wilderness of the garrets that once upon a time had been inhabited by a multitude of servants and retainers. The room he entered was low and sombre, with rough walls and a vast bare floor. His wife Aglae sat on the edge of the bed, with her hands in her lap and downcast eyes which she did not raise at his entrance. He looked at her with a serious and friendly expression before he sat down by her side. And even then she did not move. He took her tragic immobility in silence as a matter of course. His face, which had never been very mobile, had acquired with years a sort of blank dignity. It had been the work of years, of those married years which had crushed the last vestiges of pertness out of the more emotional Aglae. When she whispered to him, "Bernard, this thing kill me a little every day," he felt moved to put his arm round his wife's waist and made a mental remark which always occurred to him poignantly on such occasions, that she had grown very thin. In the trials of a life which had not kept its promise of contented bliss, he had been most impressed by the loss of that plumpness which years ago was so much appreciated by him. It seemed to give to that plaint which he had heard before more than once an awful sort of reality, a dreadful precision. . . . A little. . . . Every day.

He took his arm away brusquely and got up.

"I thought I would find you here," he remarked in an indifferent marital tone. "That man has gone now," he added

With a deep sigh the maid of Madame de Montevesso struggled out of the depths of despondency, only to fall a prey to anxiety.

"Oh, Bernard, what did that man want with Miss Adèle?"

Bernerd knew enough to have formed a conjecture.

PART IV

I

IN what seemed to him a very short time Cosmo found himself under the colonnade separating the town piled upon the hills from the flat ground of the waterside. A profound quietness reigned on the darkly polished surface of the harbour and the long, incurved range of the quays. This quietness that surrounded him on all sides through which, beyond the spars of clustered coasters, he could look at the night-horizon of the open sea, relieved that fantastic feeling of confinement within his own body with its intolerable tremors and shrinkings and imperious suggestions. Mere weaknesses all. His desire, however, to climb to the top of the tower, as if only there complete relief could be found for his captive spirit, was as strong as ever.

The only light on shore he could see issued in a dim streak from the door of the guardhouse which he had passed on his return from the tower on his first evening in Genoa. As he did not wish to pass near the Austrian sentry at the head of the landing-steps, Cosmo, instead of following the quay, kept under the portico at the back of the guardhouse. When he came to its end he had a view of the squat bulk of the tower across a considerable space of flat waste ground extending to the low rocks of the seashore. He made for it with the directness of a man possessed by a fixed idea. When he reached the iron-studded low door within the deep dark archway at the foot of the tower he found it immovable. Locked! How stupid! As if those heavy ship guns up there could be stolen! Disappointed, he leaned his shoulder against the side of the deep arch, lingering as people will before the finality of a closed door or of a situation without issue.

His superstitious mood had left him. An old picture was an old picture; and probably the face of that noble saint copied from an old triptych and of Madame de Montevesso were not at all alike. At most, a suggestion which may have been the doing of the copyist and so without meaning. A copyist is not an inspired person; nor a seer of visions. He felt critical, almost ironic, towards the Cosmo of the morning, the Cosmo of the day, the Cosmo rushing away like a scared child from a fanciful resemblance, that probably did not even exist. What was he doing there? He might have asked the way to the public gardens. Lurking within a dark archway, muffled up in his blue cloak, he was a suspect figure like an ambushed spadassin waiting for his victim, or a conspirator hiding from the minions of a tyrant. "I am perfectly ridiculous," he thought. "I had better go back as soon as I can." This was his sudden conclusion, but he did not move. It struck him that he was not anxious to face his empty room. Was he ready to get into another panic? he asked himself scornfully. . . . At that moment he heard distinctly the sound of whispering as if through the wall, or from above or from the ground. He held his breath. The whispering went on, loquacious. When it stopped, another voice, as low but deeper and more distinct, muttered the words: "The hour is past."

HA! Whispers in the air, sounds wandering without bodies, as mysterious as though they had come across a hundred miles, for he had heard no footsteps, no rustle, no sound of any sort. Nothing but the two voices. They were so weirdly disembodied and unbelievable that he had to clothe them in attributes: the excitable—the morose. They were quite near. But he did not know on which side of the arch within which he was hiding. For he was frankly hiding now—no doubt about it. He had remembered that he had left his pistols by his bedside. And he was certain he would hear the voices again. The wait seemed long before the fluent-loquacious came back through space and was punctually followed by the deep voice which this time emitted only an unintelligible grunt.

The disagreeable sense of having no means of defence in case of necessity prevented Cosmo from leaving the shelter of the deep arch. Two men, the excitable and the morose, were within a foot of him. Remembering that the tower was accessible on its seaward face, Cosmo surmised that they had just landed from a boat and had crept round barefooted, secret and, no doubt, ready to use their knives. Smugglers probably. That they should ply their trade within three hundred yards of the guardroom with a sentry outside did not surprise him very much. These were Austrian soldiers, ignorant of local conditions and certainly not concerned with the prevention of smuggling. Why didn't these men go about their business, then? The road was clear. But perhaps they had gone? It seemed to him he had been there glued to that door for an hour. As a matter of fact it was not ten minutes. Cosmo, who had no mind to be stabbed through a mere mistake as to his character, was just thinking of making a dash in the direction of the guardhouse when the morose but cautiously lowered voice began, close to the arch, abruptly: "Where did the beast get to? I thought a moment ago he was coming. Didn't you think too that there were footsteps—just as we landed?"

Cosmo's uplifted foot came down to the ground. Of the excitable whisperer's long rigmarole not a word could be made out. Cosmo imagined him short and thick. The other, whom Cosmo pictured to himself as lean and tall, uttered the word "Why?" The excitable man hissed fiercely: "To say good-bye."—"Devil take all these women,'

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commented the morose voice dispassionately. The whisper, now raised to the pitch of a strangled wheeze, remarked with some feeling: "He may never see her again."

It was clear they had never even dreamt of any human being besides themselves having anything to do on this part of the shore at this hour of the night. "Won't they be frightened when I rush out," thought Cosmo taking off his cloak and throwing it over his left forearm. If it came to an encounter he could always drop it. But he did not seriously think that he would be reduced to using his fists.

He judged it prudent to leave the archway with a bound which would get him well clear of the tower, and on alighting faced about quickly. He heard an exclamation but he saw no one. They had bolted! He would have laughed had he not been startled himself by a shot fired somewhere in the distance behind his back—the most brutally impressive sound that can break the silence of the night. Instantly, as if it had been a signal, a lot of shouting broke on his ear, yells of warning and encouragement, a savage clamour which made him think of a lot of people pursuing a mad dog. He advanced, however, in the direction of the portico, wishing himself out of the way of this odious commotion, when the flash of a musket shot showed him for a moment the tilted head in a shako and the white crossbelts of an Austrian soldier standing erect in the middle of the open ground. Cosmo stopped short, then inclined to the left, moving cautiously and staring into the darkness. The yelling had died out gradually away from the seashore, where he remembered a cluster of the poorer sort of houses nestled under the cliffs. He could not believe that the shot could have been fired at him, till another flash and report of a musket followed by the whizz of the bullet very near his hand persuaded him to the contrary. Thinking of nothing but getting out of the line of fire, he stooped low and ran on blindly till his shoulder came in contact with some obstacle extremely hard and perfectly immovable.

He put his hand on it, felt it rough and cold, and discovered it was a stone, an enormous square block such as are used in building breakwaters. Several others were lying about in a cluster like a miniature village on a miniature plain. He crept amongst them, spread his cloak on the ground, and sat down with his back against one of the blocks. He wondered at the marvelous eyesight of that confounded soldier. He was not aware that his dark figure had the starry sky for a background. "He nearly had me," he thought. His whole being recoiled with disgust from the risk of getting a musket ball through his body. He resolved to remain where he was till all that incomprehensible excitement had quietened down and that brute with wonderful powers of vision had gone away. Then his road would be clear. He would give him plenty of time.

THE stillness all around continued, becoming more convincing, as the time passed, in its suggestion of everything being over, convincing enough to shame timidity itself. Why this reluctance to go back to his room? What was a room in an inn, in any house? A small portion of space forced off with bricks or stones in which innumerable individuals had been alone with troubles of all sorts, and had gone out without leaving a trace. This train of thought led him to the reflection that no man could leave his troubles behind . . . never . . . never. . . . "It's no use trying," he thought with despair. Why should he go to Livorno? What would be the good of going home? Lengthening the distance would be like lengthening a chain. What use would it be to get out of sight? . . . "If I were to be struck blind to-morrow it wouldn't help me." He forgot where he was till the convincing silence round him crumbled to pieces before a faint and distant shout which recalled him to the sense of his position. Presently he heard more shouting, still distant but much nearer. This took his mind from himself and started his imagination on another track. The man hunt was not over, then! The fellow had broken cover again and had been headed towards the tower. He depicted the hunted man to himself as long-legged, spare, agile, for no other reason than because he wished him to escape. He wondered whether the soldier with the sharp eyes would give him a shot. But no shot broke the silence which had succeeded the distant shouts. Got away perhaps? At least for a time. Very possibly he had stabbed somebody and . . . by heaven! here he was!

Cosmo had caught the faint sound of running feet on the hard ground. And even before he had decided that it was no illusion it stopped short and a bulky object fell hurtling from the sky so near to him that Cosmo instinctively drew in his legs with a general start of his body which caused him to knock his hat off against the stone. He became aware of a man's back almost within reach of his arm. There could be no doubt he had taken a leap over the stone and had landed squatting on his heels. Cosmo expected him to rebound and vanish, but he only extended his arm to seize the hat as it rolled past him and at the same moment pivoted on his toes, preserving his squatting posture.

"If he happens to have a knife in his hand he will plunge it into me," thought Cosmo. So without moving a limb he hastened to say in a loud whisper: "Run to the tower. Your friends are waiting for you." It was a sudden inspiration. The man without rising flung himself forward full length and, propped on his arms, brought his face close to Cosmo. His white eyeballs seemed to be starting out of his head. In this position the silence between them lasted for several seconds.

"My friends, but who are you?" muttered the man.

And then the recognition came, instantaneous and mutual. Cosmo simply said, "Hello!" while the man, letting himself fall to the ground, uttered in a voice faint with emotion, "My Englishman!"

"There were two of them," said Cosmo.

"Two? Did they see you?"

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

Ecstatic Ode on Vision

By Richard Hughes

(The poet is one for whom the visible world exists.
—*Gautier.*

LOW stooped the oaks, like eagles
With feathers of green glass.
I saw the colored sunset
Out of the flowers pass:
The heavenly mask was blushed with color:
Greyness possessed the grass.

I saw intoxicant Vision
Galloping like a hare
In a fine linear frenzy:
I saw vast beauties there
Curvet on feathered toe:
Thin fell the light, and rare.

What wild fury filled that hare!
His blazing eye! Electric fur!
The fearful flashing of his paws!
The patting of his sparkling claws!
—Lo, the immortal shadow in me
Pallid Incubus of Soul
Faints and fades and I am free!
Saved are my five senses whole.
Got when God with matter wenched,
Nothing deep in Thing entrenched,
Now stripped of his material vest
See the phantom dispossessed:
Whipt with cords of smell and heat,
Lashed with blows of sound and weight,
Before the drumming of those feet,
Before those eyes of flashing light,
Scourged with the scorpions of sight
Flees the viewless parasite.

That fearful hare
With fur of bright glass,
With his bare leaping,
His steps of fine brass,
His hinder feet thudding
And mewing like a bell
By his almighty movement
Possesses World as well:
Sound and Color sing together
Fluxing of the shapely earth:
The caterpillar with the weather
Shares his mad, ecstatic mirth:
Running water to the hour
Sings his tones: and every flower
Flies from tree to tree.
Now I have Vision, now I see
The slopes of immaterial Shape:
The curving air: the dagger-thrust
Of light, its million-way riposte:
The spraying fountains of the wind
That sparkle veils of musk behind:
The solid hills, their brilliant faces
Spread like nets on living Graces:
Tilted plains: the sky's leaning:
Bellied clouds' abrupt careening:
Trees that like spindles rise to sight
Wound in threads of knotted light:
Flowers drowned in suffused blue
That their delicate bodies show through. . . .

I saw the World's arches,
The spreading roots of light,
The high wordy pillars
That hold all upright,
The deep verbal fundament
Whereon rests sure
The world on thoughtful vaulting,
Interlocked, secure.

And I saw Vision
Grow suddenly still
So that nothing was moving,
Had moved or ever will:
I saw the limbs of Vision
Outstretched in Form, where
Intoxicant Vision lay couchant,
Motionless as a hare.

The sunset fades: night falls anon:
The stunted oaks put darkness on
And plovers whistle. Once again
I am mere bodied spirit, fain
To muse on shapeless mysteries,
To shut my eyes on trees.

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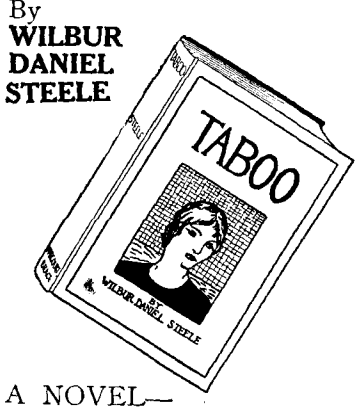
By
WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



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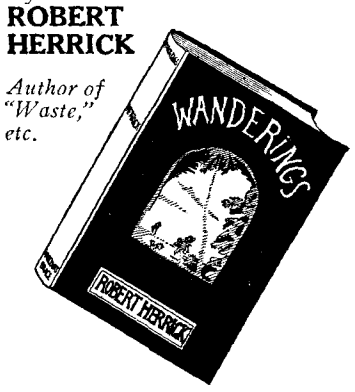

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Books of Special Interest

A Great Actress

ELEANORA DUSE, STORY OF HER LIFE. By JEANNE BORDEUX. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THIS, in spite of its many interesting pages, is an exasperating and disappointing book. So far as it relates to the principal features in Duse's professional career, her artistic triumphs in both hemispheres, the courage with which she rose superior to sickness and misfortune, her pathetic death and the posthumous honors paid to her as a national heroine, it is full and at least sufficiently accurate, though, of course, it can add nothing of much importance to what is already matter of public record. This does not mean that it is deficient in fresh details of minor consequence. Of these there is an abundance, although it is not possible, or needful, to dwell upon them here. They may or may not be authoritative and it does not much matter which. But with regard to the main bulk of the work which, properly enough, is more occupied with the character of the woman, than the indisputable genius of the artist, the case is different. This is written in so strange a mixture of rhapsodical eulogy, careless inconsistency, gushing sentimentality and apparently unconscious innuendo that the reader is almost as much perplexed as the writer appears to have been herself.

Undoubtedly Jeanne Bordeaux is a fervent admirer and worshipper of the incomparable Duse, but had she been a more expert, less hysterical, and more discreet biographer she might have paid her an equally glowing and much more convincing tribute. In her determination to portray a character of ideal perfection she, at any rate, would have known how to discriminate between the things of the flesh and the spirit. Her extravagance is calculated to inspire a mistrust of praise, which is often easily justifiable, while her glib and heedless utterance, in reference to gossip which may be wholly unfounded and malicious is apt to convey the injurious impression, which presumably she was most anxious to avoid. Nor are her accuracy and authenticity in all respects beyond suspicion. A good deal of her matter, on the face of it, is imaginative. Much of it, confessedly, is of second hand derivation, while no authority is given for still more that is printed between quotation marks. Clearly the information contributed or collected from various sources has been elaborated by the hand of a rapturous but poorly qualified devotee, who may be promptly acquitted of deliberate invention or falsification, but is too zealous to be completely trustworthy.

Duse, the artist and woman, was endowed with the rarest attributes, but, like other human beings, had her weaknesses. In many ways she was somewhat of an enigma. But those who read this book judiciously, making due allowance for the hysteria and sentimentality, will find her revealed in many phases of her complex and fascinating personality. She was a passionate, highly strung, impressionable and capricious creation, with an intense love of the beautiful and an insatiable craving after vaguely imagined ideals which filled her with fiery enthusiasm or a forlorn discontent. Profusely generous, utterly unselfish, affectionate, compassionate, scrupulously courteous and, in her business relations, of a very notable integrity, she could, on occasion, exhibit the intractibility and perverseness supposed to be inseparable from the artistic temperament. The devotion of her associated players is, perhaps, the most conclusive evidence of her general amiability.

In her life, triumph and neglect, pleasures of peace and horrors of war, sorrow and happiness were strangely blended. The romance with d'Annunzio was, for the world, the most outstanding feature. Upon this her present chronicler throws a somewhat new light. According to her—and here she seems to speak with the assurance of personal knowledge—the poet-dramatist was in no way responsible for any of Duse's financial losses. These were due to bad investments. It was the woman, she says, then in her grand climateric, who was so infatuated with the man and his genius that she persisted in forcing his plays upon public attention, in spite of long discouragement. For his part, he worshipped not her person but her artistic power, by which alone, as he was quick to discover, his imaginative creations could be fitly materialized. In other words he never really loved but only admired, fervently but selfishly. She brought him fame, he left her desolate.

No life of Duse could fail to be interesting and this book has many lively, moving, and suggestive passages, but it would be all the better for a free use of the blue pencil.

Ways To Peace

THE STABILIZATION OF EUROPE. By CHARLES DE VISSCHER. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1924. $2.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE, ITS ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS. By LOUIS AUBERT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $2.

THE DOMINION OF SEA AND AIR. By ENID SCOTT RANKIN. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMILTON HOLT

OF the three books on the new internationalism here noticed, two are collections of lectures recently delivered in the United States by eminent Europeans. Professor De Visscher's little volume is a reprint of six lectures given last year at the University of Chicago under the Harris Foundation, with appendices containing the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security, and the text of the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes. The lectures treat sympathetically the post-war problems of nationalities, minorities, communications, international security, and the League of Nations.

Mr. Aubert in his first three lectures compares the relative importance of the political and financial factors in Europe's present attempts at reconstruction and then devotes his last three chapters to the Dawes plan, the Limitation of Armaments, and the League.

However good an impression the Belgian and Frenchman may have made on their audiences when the lectures were delivered, they make decidedly tame reading in cold type. Uninspired in thought and casual in subject matter, both have already begun to be out of date. Frankly speaking, they have little contemporary and no permanent value.

"The Dominion of the Sea and Air," by Enid Scott Rankin, cannot be dismissed so cavalierly. The treatise is an attempt to go Mahan one better by analyzing air power as he did sea power. As the thesis of Mahan was that to control the sea was to control civilization, so our author takes Mahan's problem of two dimensions into the greater one of three dimensions and urges the control of the air—not by a single nation which is manifestly impossible—but by international agreement if civilization is not to perish. The machinery thus developed should and probably will be extended to the sea, and thence to all international relations. Herein it is argued lies the only practical hope of the establishment of peace and the outlawry of war. Like most propagandists the author has scant respect for what has been previously done. She sweeps away as futile or worse all other institutions engaged in seeking the same goal. For example:

> Of all the organizations, institutions, tribunals, high courts, and international conferences for establishing peace or erecting the machinery of a peace judiciary to govern the nations, not one may be said to have acquired a vitality of its own. They are all the monumental tombs of monumental hypocrisy.

Even the League of Nations is "an arbitrary organization, a law unto itself, above all law both legal and natural and sustained only by military power. It is the force of anti-democracy, and so far from inaugurating the long-desired era of permanent peace, it will mark the advent of the bitterest wars of freedom, in which democracy itself will be in danger of destruction."

The World Court, the Protocol, and the outlawry-of-war movement are equally impossible. While the Four Power Pact negotiated at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments made it "a physical impossibility for the United States successfully to attack Japan and Japan to attack the United States," yet even that is "the most threatening blow to American prestige" our country has yet suffered.

The author writes with a certain masculine vigor and terseness. She is afraid neither of dogmatization nor of prophecy. She has done her job well enough to entitle her to the rank of "publicist." It is unfortunate that she fails to realize that there are many roads to peace.

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

J. KESSEL, whose aviation novel, "L'Equipage" was very successful, has published a new story, "Les Rois Aveugles" (Editions de France), in collaboration with Helène Iswolsky, daughter of a former Russian Ambassador to France, who has supplied many authentic documents relating to the Russian Revolution which inspires the book. It is described by one critic as a new variation of the "historical" novel: the truth is not altered, as the historical novelist has a right to alter it, while the story itself is an admirable work of imagination. The terrible, fantastic history of Rasputin is the basic theme of the book, and after reading it, it is easier to understand the Czar, the Czarina, all of gigantic Russia, physical and mental. A documented novel, thoroughly interesting.

When Chateaubriand wrote in 1859 his "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," he described his meeting with a young girl who had been writing him for some time, but whom he had never seen. According to his version, she insisted upon accompanying him with such perserverance that he was obliged to carry her in his arms to her home, where he deposited her in safety. (He was then past middle age). This young girl was his famous "Occitanienne"—that is to say, an inhabitant of Occitanie, country of the *langue d'oc*, of which Toulouse is the capital. As the author's description had been fancifully made, as he had transmuted the real circumstances for some unknown reason, it was impossible to discover the identity of the fair unknown, who has been the subject of conjecture in books and articles for sixty-five years. Not long ago the secret was disclosed in an article, and this led to the publication of a volume, "Le Roman de l'Occitanienne et de Chateaubriand" (Plon), by Comtesse de Saint-Roman, granddaughter of the heroine, who defends, by the documents in the case, her ancestress's reputation from Chateaubriand's careless and imaginary allusion. This old noblewoman, Comtesse de Castelbajac, died in 1897 leaving a casket of private papers with the request that, if necessary, they should be published. They were found to consist of her own account of her friendship with Chateaubriand and seventy unpublished letters from him, along with other documents showing that she was the long famous and mysterious Occitanienne, but that her relations with Chateaubriand were far from being in accordance with the paragraph in the Memoirs. She had so admired the great man, then the idol of the public and especially adored by women, that she wrote him, he replied, and a correspondence of two years followed, punctuated by meetings in the salons of her own and other families. Leontine de Villeneuve married at the age of twenty-six the Comte de Castelbajac, to whom she was a devoted wife. Her portrait, which forms the frontispiece of the book, shows her as a girl of sixteen, with a clever and piquant face, dressed in the fashion of the Empire. There is a Preface by Robert de Flers, of the French Academy, who calls the affair *un scandale de pureté*. Efforts were made on the death of Chateaubriand to discover Madame de Castelbajac's letters to him, but as they have never been found it is presumed that he destroyed them.

Emile Baumann has written a new life of Saint Paul (Grasset), "one of the greatest voices ever heard on earth." In nearly 350 pages he describes Saint Paul's "terrible and sublime adventure," illuminating his subject by personal knowledge of the places where the great Apostle lived and suffered, and by the widest reading, and by language of an impassioned sincerity. An important book. M. Baumann has written a number of novels and other volumes—"La Fosse aux Lions," "Trois Villes Saintes," "Job le Prédestiné," etc. He received the Grand Prix Balzac in 1922.

Lovers of gardens will be interested in a book, "Jardins d'Artistes," the fifth edition of which has just appeared (Poitiers: Viaud-Bruant). The text, æsthetic and philosophical, is illustrated by modern artists who have made pictures of their own gardens. Among them are Maurice Denis, Pisarro, Mme. Lucien Simon, Lhote, Sidaner, P-Albert Laurens, Viaminck, Guérin, Roussel, and a host of others. Among the old French maxims included in the text is one which ought to be written up in every countryside: "Replant or be accursed."

The tragedy which age implies to the kind of pretty woman for whom the adoration or notice of men has been the most effective source of happiness, is well indicated in Charlotte Cabrier's new novel "Une Jolie Femme Meurt Deux Fois" (Michel). The mother of an only son, who has married and left her, is kind to one of her son's friends who continues to come to see her and frankly enjoys her society. He is a young aviator who escaped without injury from the War, whose parents live in Spain, and who is alone in Paris. The mother, who tells the story, is a woman in the forties, still attractive, and the boy has a charming way of making her feel that she is young and pretty, so that little by little she makes her anachronistic mistake. The disillusionment comes when she is brought into contact with girl friends of the boy. Two former books by this author, "L'Epousée" and "Toute Seule," have been crowned by the French Academy. The publisher's printed slip encircling the volume says: "A book which will make the woman of twenty smile, the woman of thirty think, but will deeply trouble the woman of forty. Men alone, perhaps, will perceive all its tragic import."

M. Emile Magne, author of many books on history, biography, art, two of them crowned by the Academy, publishes a new edition "entirely rehandled and augmented by unpublished portraits and documents," of his work on the famous *courtisane*, Ninon de Lanclos. M. Magne has found many papers relating to his heroine in the archives of the old French noblesse, who have generously opened their libraries to him. It is remarkable to what extent the life of this fascinating woman came into contact with people known to history. Her father, Henry de Lanclos, belonged to the authentic *petite noblesse* either of Touraine or Champagne. He led a life of doubtful virtue for some years, and was first fond of, and then ashamed of, playing a lute. The book is full of such details as well as of gossip,—of philosophy too, as Ninon plunged into epicureanism or stoicism at pleasure. In the appendix are unpublished documents of various legal proceedings in which the famous beauty was involved, with lists of her household furniture including even the kitchen inventory. Her mother was serious and religious, and having named her daughter Anne was not pleased when the charm and grace of the child induced frivolous diminutives such as Annine, Nanine, and finally Ninon. The author says that Ninon tells the secret of her fascination in a few lines of one of her letters: "Philosophy accords very well with mental charm. It is not enough to be wise, one must also please."

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Foreign Literature

History in Mosaic

DAS GELDWESEN IM KRIEGE. By ALEXANDER POPOVICS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925.

OSTERREICHISCHE REGIERUNG UND VERWALTUNG IM WELTKRIEGE. By JOSEPH REDLICH. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. SHULTZ

THE mills of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine. For the past several years the Endowment has been publishing volume by volume its great series on the economic and social history of the World War. Each volume with its specialized field is a mosaic chip filling in the broad picture of the problems of the World War. These two studies present a fractional view of the Hapsburg Empire during the years preceding its dissolution; undocumented as is customary with the Endowment series, they are written with care and scholarship, and an absence of partisan spirit.

Dr. Popovics's book on the Austro-Hungarian finances during the War is the narrower of the two in its scope, but for students of finance it presents two interesting subjects for study. From the time of the *Ausgleich* orwards, the Dual Monarchy was faced by the supremely difficult problem of maintaining nationally independent but parallel currency and banking systems in Austria and Hungary; it was really exceptional financial ingenuity that enabled this shaky arrangement to last until the dissolution of the Monarchy. Because of this weakness, and because of general financial unpreparedness for war, the difficulties of Austrian wartime finance were greater than those of the other combatants; Dr. Popovics's analysis of these war-time problems is shrewd.

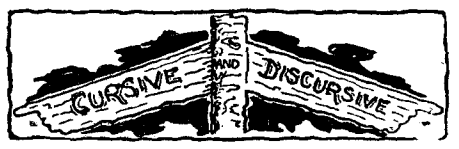
Professor Redlich's book is doubly valuable because it does not confine its study of the conflicting nationalist movements within the Empire to the years of the war, but traces them far back into the nineteenth century. On the one hand stood the Austrian political ideal—Austria to be coequal with Hungary but otherwise dominant over the minor nationalities, and within Austria the aristocracy and upper middle classes to be supreme; a centralized bureaucracy was to be the form of governmental organization. Protesting, striving against this system, were the national aspirations of the Poles, Czechs, and Slavic peoples, championing national tongues, national literatures, national home-rule; to add to the complication there appeared a growing class conflict, and an active Social Democratic movement. Parliamentary government by the Reichsrat became impossible in the face of bitterly hostile minority *blocs*.

The early years of the war, with their subordination of civil government by military, with their domination of economic life by semi-military commissions, with their temporary war-time patriotism, dampened the internal struggle. The death of Franz Joseph, the Russian Revolution, foreign propaganda among the nationalist minorities, military reverses, brought the nationalist and social issues once more to the fore. And then 1918, and dissolution.

Foreign Notes

IN "Joie dans le Ciel" (Paris: Grasset), C. F. Ramuz has written a charming and poetic tale, one which while not new in *motif* is so gracefully and deftly handled as to lend it genuine distinction. The story begins with the resurrection of the dead whom it portrays beginning their new lives in a continuation of their old homes now become heaven by reason of the fact that they are always happy there. For a time all runs smoothly and then there is a sudden eruption of the spirits of the damned. The tale thereafter becomes somewhat mystical but it remains none the less interesting and pleasing.

A new edition which has aroused general interest here is that of Father Huc's "Dans la Tartarie" (Plon), with memories of his voyage there and in Thibet and China. It was in 1843 that this Lazarist Father crossed China from end to end, from north of Peking to Lassa in Thibet, describing the country, the manners and customs of the people and their magic practices, and introducing his readers to many "lovable Chinamen." There are wonderful descriptions of the monasteries in Lassa. Critics agree that the book has lost none of its freshness and charm in the passage of years. M. H. d'Ardenne de Tizac, director of the Cernuschi Museum in Paris, has written a learned Preface. Father Huc was a serious precursor of Ossendowski—whose new book "L'Homme et le Mystère en Asie" (in collaboration with L. Stanton Palen), has recently appeared.



TO continue from last week our spirited and intensely valuable analysis of America's greatest two he-male writers, James Oliver Curwood and Harold Bell Wright.

When our space ran out we were saying of Mr. Curwood that his latest novel, "The Ancient Highway," turns into a vivid movie. It does. The climax of the book, after another stupendous fight between two *habitant* giants, is the dynamiting of a dam by the St. Ives outfit, to start their logs down river, and the counter-dynamiting by the demon Hurd of a mountain into the river, to hold said logs back. This causes all kinds of a jam. Clifton, the hero, and another, go out on the log-jam to dynamite again, in order to free the logs. They succeed. But Bolduc is killed and Clifton by every law of probability would have been obliterated. Antoinette whose coldness to him has by this time made him old before his time, and awful grim, dances out on the jam, (she must have been trained on the tightrope!) and they clasp each other fervently at last, with certain death howling all around them. The author's ingenuity is certainly taxed to the uttermost to get them out. But he does it. He does that thing. It is unbelievable. It was a million to one shot. But Mr. Curwood gets them out, and gets them married, and gets Hurd killed, and all ends in great peace and God's great content.

There is no doubt that Mr. Curwood can write excitingly. In spite of its preposterousness the sheer energy with which the climax is written stirs the pulse. As for the combat between the *habitants* that precedes it that simply reveals Mr. Curwood's intense liking for giant scraps and primitive violence. So, to sum up, we have lush local color, rapid exciting incident, primitive violence, conversation from *The Family Herald*, gentility and chivalrous nobility from the same, preposterous feats of strength, and characters essentially "dumb" clothed in a great glamour of adjectives and ranting speeches. It is great movie stuff as the movies are at present constituted. The book is of no possible value as literature, but a boy of twelve (and most of us have got a good deal of the boy of twelve still in us) would get a real "kick" out of the feats of strength. The love-interest he would dismiss as twaddle, as it should be dismissed. But that has the appeal of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Laura Jean Libbey.

And so to Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright, in general doesn't write as well as Mr. Curwood. Mr. Curwood has more originality in description and a mind more full of color, at least. Mr. Wright writes more woodenly. On the other hand he sometimes gets closer to the old dime novel than does Mr. Curwood. A westbound Overland train, a crying child, a "swagger man and a tawdry woman" who protest the "squalling brat,"—a young woman "who had been the object of their careless comments and thoughtless jests,"—and,—

"For shame!" she cried in a clear voice which was heard easily by those who had endorsed the sentiments of the couple. "Have you no pity in you at all? Or is it that your hearts are as cold as your eyes are blind?"

This is the very voice of the old melodrama, the kind of thing that brought stamping and piercing whistles from the gallery and a surf of hisses for the villain. And the poor little one's mother was veritably "in the baggage coach ahead." Mr. Wright is a true descendant of our sentimental balladists. If his talent had been for song not story he might have given us "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and kindred lyrics. Therefore I have more sympathy with Mr. Wright, as a matter of fact, than I have with Mr. Curwood. His is a simpler, more lyric gift, you might say! But just where, as Blanche Colton Williams has it, "so eloquent is his sense of the pathetic as to draw comparison with Dickens," and just where he is "as stark as Thackeray," I am at a loss to imagine. Dickens, just possibly, at Dickens' very worst, for a flash or two, but Thackeray—!

But no, on second thoughts we don't see even the *slightest* similarity to Dickens. And another exception we take to Miss Williams' estimate of Mr. Wright. She says, incidentally, "he is an admirable writer of dialect. We dont see it.

Mr. Wright loves dialect, though. And once he gets a Chinaman, or a Mexican talking, it is almost impossible for him to stop their loquacity short of pages.

Mr. Curwood celebrates, apparently, a grand old patrician girl of Canada; Mr. Wright a simple Irish Pollyanna. Both are equally lay figures. Yet there are occasional rather sly touches of humor and pathos in Mr. Wright's story that surprise one with a certain deftness. Mr. Curwood is always slathering on the purple patch; Mr. Wright occasionally writes almost naturally.

Mr. Wright also has his villain who is a monster of iniquity, yet he succeeds in making him (in a way) a recognizable human being. Mr. Curwood's villain never had a chance. Mr. Wright's hero is, furthermore, not *quite* so oratorical a *dummkopf* as Mr. Curwood's. In casting around for a parallel to Mr. Wright, the late General Charles A. King comes to our mind. Take an old favorite like "Laramie," by the late General. The late General treated the Army frontier post of past days with about the same melodrama, heroism, villainousness, and sentimentality that Mr. Wright uses in interpreting "the desert and mountain world of Arizona and the Mexican border" of today. And General King's handling of dialect was about as excellent. He also preserved the high moral tone of his books while at the same time injecting lots of exciting incident. The arrest of Holdbrook, for smuggling arms and ammunition into Mexico, at the end of Mr. Wright's story, is quite in the good old General King tradition. General King would have used Nora and Larry O'Shea, if he had hit upon them, in just about the same fashion. The squaw-man Injun Pete is an accomplice in villainy who would have been dear to the General's heart, and Holdbrook, the suave villain, himself, is the type of villain the old soldier used again and again.

General Charles A. King was a very popular writer in his day. Mr. Wright, in taking up Arizona in a serious way, follows in his footsteps. He uses much the same recipe. But despite Miss Williams' dictum, his preaching has *not* perfected him in story-telling. We emerge greatly wearied by the stock characters and obvious claptrap of his tale. He is most certainly *not* an inspired novelist. He uses stereotype without the slightest freshness of style or language. His present story is, on the whole, less preposterous than Mr. Curwood's, but Curwood can at least achieve a more stirring climax, preposterous as it is.

What childishness is in the concocting of both these books, what eternal childishness! For that reason they appeal so strongly to the eternal childishness of three fourths of our population. Yet better books have also appealed. As we recall it, Owen Wister's "The Virginian" was once a best-seller. Wister could take Western material, concoct an obviously heroic love-story in an obviously dramatized setting, and yet shape his material so dexterously, with so pungent a gift of observation, so innate a sense of style, that his humors of characterization and his narration of exciting incident enthralled. It is all in the quality of an author's imagination. Mr. Wright writes better than the dime novelist, but the quality of his imagination is the same. His stories are not so good as our friend Colonel Ingraham's stories because they are not wrought so wildly well. Colonel Ingraham builded better than he knew. He achieved fantasy. Mr. Wright only achieves rather wooden melodrama. To "The Virginian" Wister brought a high quality of imagination and a genuine gift for writing. And those are quite different things.

W. R. B.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Art

JACOB EPSTEIN. Scribners. $2.

This well made album in quarto, which is nearly equally divided between text and plates, over thirty of each, is a good earnest of the new series, "Contemporary British Artists." The reproductions are excellent and well selected and the text no more flattering than is usual. Indeed it is difficult to take any temperate attitude towards the young Russian Jew who within a few years of his leaving America was the portent of the æsthetic radicalism of London. Epstein is not merely an artist but rather a legend and a myth-occasion of the sincerest extravagances whether of laudation or dispraise. It is odd that so fragmentary an achievement—mostly busts—has worked so solid an attitude *pro* and *con*. Yet the work is the most assertive; we cannot be indifferent to it. What is the worth of the emphasis?

First it is impressive enough. These heads of men and women have been ravaged and wrung, by suffering, by passion. Then the mere idiom combines interestingly two usually incompatible qualities—maximum of genuinely sculptural mass; maximum also of atmospheric envelopment. Epstein is a whole-hogger, denies himself nothing, spares his spectator nothing. With the exception of the Maillol-like architectural sculptures for the British Medical Association Building, London, the whole product is below or above taste,—is sinister, individual, barbaric. The issue as to whether this titanism is genuine or a remarkably persuasive affectation cannot be settled in our time. In any case the power whether native or assiduously cultivated is unmistakable in such heads as Alolores and Mrs. Epstein and Selina and R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. At first sight such things are irresistible, and then steals in a suspicion that we really have to do with a vulgarization of finer modes—that of the extreme Orient and of the Italian Renaissance. The great sculptors are as a class less urgent, and, vigorous as is Epstein's mood, it suggests less the Begarellis, and Mazzonis, its obvious prototypes, than, say, a Puget up-to-date who has passed through Cubism.

THE WAY TO SKETCH. By *Vernon Blake*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Belles Letters

AMERICAN POETRY AND PROSE: 1607-1916. Edited by Norman Foerster. Houghton Mifflin. 1025. $4.

This is an excellent collection from American literature, better based, better chosen, and better edited than any text-book anthology we have, and displaying in its selection the new conception of American literature as an expression of a developing continent as well as a division of general English. The selections from the standard authors are satisfying, and the colonial material included and the literature of the renaissance in American letters which began about 1906-1910, give the book a scope and significance absent from earlier volumes of the kind. The short story is not adequately represented, partly because of space limitations. Nevertheless, one feels that Stockton, Bierce, Sherwood Anderson should have had their pages. Miss Millay also has surely won her place with Frost, Miss Lowell, Lindsay, and Sandburg. Audubon, among forgotten writers, might have been given a page with advantage; the like for the too little praised Clarence King. But this is a good book, where the best writers may be read generously, and proportion and emphasis are kept.

HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT. By ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT. Dutton. 1925. $3.

Horace is—like that rather Horatian Englishman, Alexander Pope—a writer whom you may open anywhere and find a brilliant line. His works are like a book of familiar quotations—varied, but inconsecutive and disunified. We pick the man out of his writing bit by bit, and at the end have still the task of assembling these bits. Such a task Miss Haight has accomplished, escaping most of the pitfalls. She has, for instance, made no effort to label Horace as definitely Stoic or Epicurean, recognizing, as scholars sometimes fail to do, that his philosophy was eclectic, not to say fluid; again, she has not dogmatized as to the precise location of the Sabine farm, though inclining to the Licenza site. She has paraphrased her writer freely, and perhaps too often. Her purpose seems to have been to give an orientation for the amateur, and she has done this gracefully. Possibly the best thing in the book is her account of Horace's feeling for nature; our notion that the ancients cared little for natural beauty, while essentially sound, wants some modification, and this Miss Haight gives.

FORTY-TWO FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated by *Edward Marsh*. Harpers. $2.

CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHER VICTORIANS. By *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch*. Putnam.

CREATIVE CRITICISM. By *J. E. Spingarn*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

THE ROAD. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $3.

H. W. M. A SELECTION FROM THE WRITINGS OF H. W. MASSINGHAM. Edited by *H. J. Massingham*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

PERSEUS, OR OF DRAGONS. By *H. F. Scott Stokes*. Dutton. $1.

ORIGINS OF POE'S CRITICAL THEORY. By *Margaret Alterton*. University of Iowa.

LITERATURE FOR THE BUSINESS MAN. By *Gerald E. Se Boyar*. New York: Crofts. $2.50.

Biography

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO. By an Old Army Officer, LIEUT. COL. O. L. HEIN, U. S. Army, Retired. Putnams. 1925.

Lieut. Col. Hein is a well-known officer of the Old Army. He served with credit in Indian campaigns, added materially in developing the Infantry and Cavalry School at Forth Leavenworth and was a progressive Commandant of Cadets at West Point. As Military Attaché at Vienna he won much praise from his superiors always making the best of his opportunities. As a tactical officer at West Point he was dubbed by the Cadets "the Count," a tribute to his distinguished appearance. Few are the Tactical Officers who receive complimentary nicknames. He was retired for disability in 1904. The book could have been condensed to advantage. Apparently begun as a family record it contains matter more interesting to the family than to the general public. It is carelessly written and the English is not undefiled, but the author forestalls criticism by stating that it was not intended by him for publication. Nevertheless it is a book well worth reading. Nearly a third of it is taken up by the account of his service as Military Attaché at the Court of Vienna. There are many amusing anecdotes and his descriptions of celebrities he has known, beginning with Abraham Lincoln, are graphic.

THE LIFE OF WESLEY. By *Robert Southey*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $1.50 each.

BEN JONSON. Edited by *C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $14.

LEWIS MILLER. By *Ellwood Hendrick*. Putnam. $3.

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. By *Louis Piérard*. Translated by *Herbert Garland*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

ROBERT OWEN. By *G. D. H. Cole*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

Drama

PLAYS OF THE WORKSHOP. Brentanos. 1925. $1.25.

This fourth volume in the series of Harvard Plays sponsored by Professor George P. Baker, now of Yale, contains four one-act plays particularly adapted to production by Little Theatre Groups and Amateur Organizations. The collection does not seem as well balanced as some of the earlier volumes in the series, for out of the four, three are tragedies. Of these, "The Slump," by Frederic Lansing Day, is most successful. Here we have a tragedy of everyday monotony, handled with remarkable economy of dialogue and detail. The three characters are finely contrasted and the lines suggestive without becoming sentimental or losing any of their realism. Of the others, "The Mourner," by James Mahoney, shows the most originality and imagination. If there are times when this last named quality seems to run into rather thin and overstrained fancy, the charm of many of the lines and the clever handling of the Pierrot-Columbine characters, more than makes up for this. "The Strongest Man" by Elizabeth Higgins Sullivan, is a tragedy with a background excellent for its American atmosphere of a French community near New Orleans. But the play itself suffers for want of cutting and dramatic heightening.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Drama

(Continued from preceding page)

In "Brotherhood" William H. Wells has written a short, gripping drama of present day labor conditions, with an opportunity for an original and interesting stage set.

THREE PLAYS OF PLAUTUS. (BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS). Translated by *F. A. Wright and H. Lionel Rogers.* Dutton. $3.

WRITING THE ONE-ACT PLAY. By *Harold N. Hillebrand.* Knopf. $1.75 net.

THE SKYGIRL. By *Ivan Narodry.* New York: Britons Publishing Co., 41 Fifth Ave.

Fiction

THE SPORTING SPIRIT: An Anthology compiled by CHARLES WRIGHT GRAY. Holt. 1925. $2.

If Mr. Gray had contented himself with assembling the best seventeen short stories involving sport written during a given period, his task would have been difficult enough, because anthologizing is a painful and often thankless business. Instead of that, however, he imposed upon himself the difficult assignment of finding one story for each of sixteen sports, plus Richard Connell's classic "Champions All" which concerns itself with several. Most people would willingly forego the story on intercollegiate swimming if the gap could have been filled by another of Mr. Witwer's fight stories or a baseball story by Ring Lardner to supplement Mr. Van Loon's delightful "Mister Conley." For, after all, an anthology of short stories should contain first of everything good stories, even if quoit pitching has to be ignored and football (which by the way, is deliciously served up by Dana Burnet) duplicated.

"The Sporting Spirit" is a collection of easily read and amiable short stories which ought to flex the reminiscent biceps of the tired business man and add one more item to the reading list of the insatiable youth. The surprising thing is that Mr. Gray didn't take advantage of the opportunities which present themselves even in this consciously restricted area of fiction.

OLD WINE. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. Doran. 1925. $2.

It takes a bold woman to utilize the post-war Austrian situation as the background for a serious story. Miss Bottome has not been overwhelmed by her material, for, once you accept her premises (and almost any premise concerning eastern Europe since 1919 has to be accepted), "Old Wine" is discovered to be a novel of considerable significance.

The premise, which must be swallowed at the start, is simply that even a Hungarian noble of "protoplasmic ancestry" can fall in love with a plain American girl if she have money enough to recoup his crumbling fortunes—and perhaps anyway.

In spite of the seeming triviality which a bare statement of the story indicates, "Old Wine" is a well conceived and well written book. It is very likely that Miss Bottome's qualifications to write of the Hungarian aristocracy from the inside are somewhat limited, for, as we all know since the Karolyi rumpus, intransigeancy finds its perfect flower in Hungarian reaction. And it appears also that Miss Bottome has a little overdone the free and easy spirit of America in her treatment of Carol; she has ignored the fact that conventionality reaches its apex in the conventionality of the mid-western American. As for Dr. Simmons, the calm British female doctor, doing good in a scientific way among the starving, rickety babies, she at least represents the English as they like to see themselves. In her assessment of "conditions," however, Miss Bottome reaches real heights. She has the journalistic instinct of Philip Gibbs and draws individual character better.

A GOOD MAN. By GEORGE F. HUMMEL. Boni & Liveright. 1925.

This is the story of the "love-life" and the "work-life" of that complete "extrovert" Theodore K. Goodrich, Public Relations Counsel and deliverer of inspirational talks at the local Y. M. C. A. Both are complicated and somewhat turbid but the love-life is more so. Mr. Goodrich who is proclaimed by his enthusiastic friend, Gus Schreivogel, as the "best damned man on two feet," is carried through a course in philandering which bespeaks a love-appetite as voracious as it is exacting. The ladies in question, apart of course from his devoted and loving spouse, run all the way from a reporter on the *World* and the

(Continued on next page)

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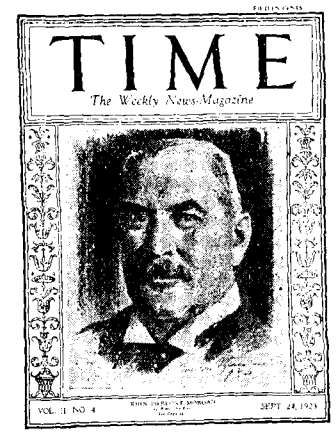

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

wife of a suburban dentist to the affluent and beautiful divorcée who leads the movement for a national divorce law. Other "affairs" takes place a little off stage.

The characters have a good deal of vitality, and there is ome fairly amusing depiction of big business, in a manner now much in vogue; but one must take a good deal of fatigue with one's amusement. Shallowness and vulgarity may be the theme of a great satirical novel, but "A Good Man" falls a good deal short of being that.

BOXER AND BEAUTY. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.50.

It is a good many years since "Bob, son of Battle" gained Mr. Ollivant a place all to himself among writers of animal stories. That book has so retained its place in popular esteem that a new story by its author needs no explanation, though this time it is about horses instead of dogs. And although they are "cart horses" there is nothing prosaic in that term as applied to workers on a big stock farm in the "East Riding"—they are animals of spirit. Doubtless much of the success of Mr. Ollivant's handling of such themes is due to the fact that he never humanizes his animals although he does endow them with definite personalities. Animal psychology is always dangerous ground for fiction but Mr. Ollivant makes no mis-step.

RUNNING SPECIAL. By FRANK L. PACKARD. Doran. 1925. $2.

The ten short stories which make up this volume are tales of railroading, but one need not be a bridge builder or a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to enjoy them. For the most part Mr. Packard successfully escapes the usual danger of dropping into the merely spectacular and melodramatic: these are often truly moving episodes of heroism, of mankind in the rough, and of huge, elemental passions and conflicts. The book is a good example of conscientious and efficient literary artisanship.

TROUBLED WATERS. By *William McLeod Paine.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

MISCHIEF. By *Ben Travers.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT. By *Frank Heller.* Crowell. $2 net.

THE ANNAM JEWEL. By *Patricia Wentworth.* Small, Maynard.

MELLOWING MONEY. By *Francis Lynde.* Scribners. $2.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN. By *Jackson Gregory.* Scribners. $2.

THE HEART OF SALOME. By *Allen Raymond.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

WANDERINGS. By *Robert Herrick.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE RED LAMP. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart* (Doran).

ROBERT OWEN. By *G. D. H. Cole* (Little, Brown).

THE WANDERING SCHOLAR. By *David G. Hogarth* (Oxford University Press).

M. K. D., Dartmouth, Mass., asks if "The Peter Pan Picture Book," by Alice B. Woodward and Daniel O'Connor, published by Bell, London, in 1907, can still be bought and at what price, or is it only to be secured as a rarity.

"THE Peter Pan Picture Book," the story of Peter Pan retold by Daniel O'Connor, from the play by Sir J. M. Barrie, illustrated in color by Alice B. Woodward, crown quarto, is in print, having been often reissued and costs six shillings. The expensive and rare book that has no doubt mingled with this in the mind of the inquirer is the one illustrated by Arthur Rackham. There are three other Peter Pan books for children with Alice Woodward's illustrations: "The Story of Peter Pan," eight illustrations in color and twelve in halftone; "Peter Pan for Little Folk," in simple language for very young children, in large type and very strongly bound, with 16 pictures, and "Peter Pan for Little People," with 16 color and 24 black and white pictures.

E. C. B., Chapel Hill, N. C., says that he asked fourteen Englishmen in Paris how to pronounce the last name of Lytton Strachey, and not one would go on record.

IT has a long a and the ch as in church; least it was so pronounced on the evening of his first play. *B. W. E., Newark, N. J.,* may pronounce the first name of Lascelles Abercrombie to rhyme with tassels, and although the British public in general says Stanley *Way*man, I am told that in private life he is *Wye*-man. There is really but one safe course for the pronunciation of the name of living British authors: to write to the man himself or throw the responsibility upon his publisher. I shall, however, in future try to cultivate the bland manner of the French toward foreign surnames, as shown in the official pronunciation of Galsworthy. Ten times in one evening did I hear him addressed by as many distinguished Continental authors, as M. Gazz-wuzz-zee, accented on the first and last syllables, and not once did his eyelid quiver.

Mr. Strachey's first play, "The Son of Heaven," is a caustic study of an anachronistic Empress who wears Chinese clothes and performs, against a background of the Boxer uprising, a sthe Dowager Empress of China, or "the old Buddha" of recent history; but who has surprising likenesses to Queen Victoria and Catherine of Russia, incredible as it may sound that the two could be neatly blended.

C. B. S. asks also if there has been an important biography of Shakespeare since Sir Sidney Lee's "A Life of William Shakespeare."

J. Q. ADAMS'S "Life of Shakespeare" (Houghton Mifflin) embodies the latest ideas, as to his career; it is by the author of "Shakespearean Playhouses." It does not displace the Sidney Lee biography, but would be well worth reading.

"Can you help me," says E. M. L., New York, "to find whether there has ever been published a book or pamphlet telling children how to use an index, in their school reference work?"

THERE are books that strike all around this question but none that just hits it—at least not that I have seen. "How to Use the Dictionary," by Martin C. Flaherty (Ronald) is a helpful little book: readers have several times told me so. In "Suggestive Outlines for Teaching the Use of the Library" (Faxon), Gilbert O. Ward shows librarians how to teach high school students the use of library material, and there are, of course, the excellent pamphlets and books on library methods issued by the American Library Association, Randolph St., Chicago. But an index? One would suppose the definitive method of teaching a school-child to use one would be to drop him off the wharf into it and let him swim or sink. One begins to wonder whether a certain softening of the mental muscles may not come from so much showing how. Heaven help the student who looks for it outside of America! A correspondent had something to say on this subject in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*: all I can say is that if he has trouble with the comparatively simple and transparent methods of the British Museum, I hope he never tries to find a book—any book—in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

A. R. S., New York, asks which novel of H. G. Wells will give him most information on social conditions.

"TONO-BUNGAY" (Duffield), it seems to me. You may not learn so much from it about the personal habits and history of Mr. Wells, or about the social conditions of some future happiness that I only hope we may be able to dodge, but if the sociological student of a coming age opens the pages of "Tono-Bungay" I believe he will be looking into a populous and lively Pompeii.

C. P. C., Kennebunkport, Me., asks for a book on botany for a little boy, not a guide to identification like "How to Know the Wild Flowers," but "something that will teach him the elements of real botany."

F. S. MATHEWS'S "Book of Wild Flowers for Young People" (Putnam) describes in pleasant, running narrative the flowers that come out from April to October, their characteristics, habitat, and life history. For younger children the "Burgess Flower Book for Children" (Little, Brown) has been and continues to be vastly popular; it is in story form and introduces his Peter Rabbit: the colored pictures are beautiful and there is additional information in the appendix. Parents forming a nature bookshelf for young children should bear in mind the "Little Gateways to Science," now published by Little, Brown and Co. "Nature Secrets," for instance, is a set of talks by M. D. Chambers on various subjects in which a child is sure to become interested. "Little Wanderers," by Margaret M. Warner (Ginn), is another little book for little children, telling about plants that travel by flying, shooting, and otherwise travelling seeds.

For an older reader, Norman Taylor's "Botany, the Science of Plant Life" (Harper) tells in non-technical language about plant life, utilization, and distribution. It has many illustrations.

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**
I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.
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Speaking of Books

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as well as voters and non-voters will want to know why so many American citizens neglect their political duties, and how this condition may be controlled. In *Non-Voting* known reasons are formulated by Charles E. Merriam and Harold F. Gosnell, who have investigated the motives of 6,000 actual non-voters. *Non-Voting: Causes and Methods of Control.* By Charles E. Merriam and Harold F. Gosnell. Cloth, $2.50; paper, $1.60; postage 10 cents extra.

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Points of View

As Thackeray Saw Him

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Dr. Cross's article, "A New Estimate of Fielding," in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for July 18, opens as follows:

Nothing much more extraordinary has occurred in recent literary history than the new view of Fielding—the man and his books—taken by the present generation. Traditionally Fielding was a poor inebriate who bore down on his friends for a dinner or a guinea. He wrote a number of 'theatrical pieces' which are 'irretrievably immoral' and 'not remarkable for wit,' and three or four novels of which 'Tom Jones' is a masterpiece, though it is almost as immoral as the plays. I am paraphrasing Thackeray. In France the potent voice was Taine, the brilliant historian of English literature, who set up the thesis that Fielding and his characters were not much more than animals actuated by physical passions only—all of them as thick-skinned as buffaloes. Premonitions of a different Fielding came with the critical studies of Dobson and the common sense of Lowell, who discovered the real man in his books.

My notions of Fielding are almost entirely limited to impressions derived from the reading of Thackeray; accordingly, I cannot dispute Dr. Cross's assertion as to the extraordinary character of the change that has taken place in Fielding's status, either personal or literary. But, however great this change may be, it can hardly be more extraordinary than the discrepancy between the impression produced by Dr. Cross's "paraphrasing" of Thackeray and the picture of Fielding and his work given by Thackeray himself. In venturing to ask you to print the following long extract from Thackeray's "English Humorists," I am actuated not only by the desire to correct a false impression, and to protest against a too-current disposition to accept *omne novum pro mirabile*, but also by the feeling that your readers will find the extract itself most interesting and inspiring.

THACKERAYAN.

New York, July 30.

"When Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffee-houses and assemblies, and the judges there declared that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart; his face handsome, manly, and noble-looking; to the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air, and, although worn down by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people about him. . . .

"One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humor, and his keen and hearty relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast—the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden, rushing upon the feast, with his great laugh and immense healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young man's wit and manners made him friends everywhere: he lived with the grand Man's society of those days; he was courted by peers and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company, which are all expensive articles to purchase, Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel: was in no wise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter, he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance amongst the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of the work: when the audience began to hiss, Fielding said, with characteristic coolness—'They have found it out, have they!' He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame.

"Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill.

"I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrases? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in a heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret-stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good-fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine. Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue, and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings: in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantile tenderness, as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse,—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancor, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work. . . .

"Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly: Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner: and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him. But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding: and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. 'Our immortal Fielding,' Gibbon writes, 'was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England: but the romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria.'

"There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it. . . .

"What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones's fondness for drink and play, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-room, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius! what a vigor! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of human kind! what a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humor and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered."

Johnson's Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

May I through your columns express my gratitude to the American collectors and booksellers who have responded to my appeal (printed in the *Times Literary Supplement* for 30th, October, 1924, and courteously reprinted in several American papers) for copies or collations of Johnson's letters?

I am anxious to proceed with my task of producing a new edition. But I am reluctant to go to press while a large number of letters, known to be extant, is still untraced. The printed texts (notably Mrs. Piozzi's) are so inaccurate that it is very desirable that all extant letters should be recollated. Copies of unpublished letters are, of course, even more welcome.

R. W. CHAPMAN.

Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

TABOO. By *Daniel Wilbur Steele*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

NOMADS OF THE NIGHT. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2 net.

CANYON GOLD. By *Arthur Preston Hankins*. Macaulay. $2 net.

THE LAUGHING BUDDHA. By *James Livingstone Stewart*. Revell. $2.

SUMMER. By *Romain Rolland*. Holt. $2.50.

PETER VACUUM. By *Anthony Gibbs*. Dial Press. $2.

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By *Gertrude Atherton*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

ELLEN ADAIR. By *Frederick Niven*. Boni & Liveright.

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD. By *Bertram Atkey*. Appleton. $2.

DOODAB. By *Harold A. Loeb*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

GREENERY STREET. By *Denis Mackail*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

ACROSS THE MOON. By *Hamish Macleod*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

EBONY AND IVORY. By *Llewelyn Powys*. New Edition. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE CONTRACTING CIRCLE. By *E. L. Grant Watson*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE KENWORTHYS. By *Margaret Wilson*. Harpers. $2.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOAT AND COMPASSES. By *Martin Armstrong*. Harpers. $2.

STAND BY. By *Carolyn Cox*. Harpers.

THE FOURTH NORWOOD. By *Robert E. Pinkerton*. Reilly & Lee.

ETHAN QUEST. By *Harry Hervey*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

SMILY CLIMBS. By *L. M. Montgomery*. Stokes. $2.

THE CHARTREUSE OF PARMA. Translated from the French of Stendhal by *Lady Mary Loyd*. Appleton. $2.50.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. BLACK ARROW. (Everyman's Library). By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Dutton. 80 cents.

TREASURE ISLAND. KIDNAPPED. (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

AN OCTAVE. By *Jeffrey E. Jeffrey*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

TALES OF INTRIGUE AND REVENGE. By *Stephen McKenna*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE RED LAMP. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart*. Doran. $2 net.

THE ROYLE GIRL. By *Edwin Balmer*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE SECRET ROAD. By *John Ferguson*. Dodd, Mead.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES. By *Gene Stratton-Porter*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE. By *A. E. Coppard*. Knopf.

WILLIAM. By *E. H. Young*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

KUNALA. By *Arpad Ferenczy*. Harcourt, Brace.

International

THE RECENT FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By *George H. Blakeslee*. Abingdon. $2.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING. By *Harold Temperley*. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CASTLEREAGH. By *C. K. Webster*. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.

BRITISH POLITICS IN TRANSITON. By *Edward McChesney Sait* and *David P. Barrows*. World Book Co. $1.80.

Miscellaneous

COLDS—CAUSE, TREATMENT, AND PREVENTION. By RUSSELL L. CECIL, M.D. Appleton. 1925. $1.

The common cold is an ailment that we are accustomed to consider rather slightly, but it is so often the preface to graver diseases that its prevention and treatment cannot be regarded *too* seriously. Pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, and asthma are usually traceable to preceding colds. Dr. Cecil in this book acquaints the layman with the cause, prevention, and treatment of the common cold. The methods outlined are such as he has found effective in his own work, and which are easily applied by the layman.

The mechanism of the respiratory tract, and the predisposing causes of colds are carefully explained, as well as the symptoms of different types of the disease. Brief treatment has been given to such related subjects as hay fever and asthma, tonsils and adenoids, grippe, influenza, and pneumonia.

THESE WOMEN. By WILLIAM JOHNSTON. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1925. $2.

The eleven papers that makes up this volume, of homely, colloquial comment upon tendencies of the day, are by no means confined to the women. Mr. Johnston finds the well know "younger generation" somewhat too undisciplined, and he apportions blame as much to the father as to the mothers of the day. His book is a good natured, sometimes even playful, discussion of many matters that the middle aged folk find disquieting, but he is far from pessimism.

SEAMEN ALL. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Little, Brown. 1925. $3.

E. Keble Chatterton is no unfamiliar name to the ship enthusiast. The long list of his publications is well known. His latest book, "Seamen All," as the author says, is a book of adventure, in all kinds of ships, by all sorts of seamen during the period of the last two hundred and fifty years.

We have had this book a very long time, reading it. The reviewer's union would take away our ticket if they knew how much overtime we have put on it. If you like to read sea adventuers, in fiction form, don't read "Seamen All." It is likely to knock a few planks out of the bottom of your enjoyment of the "Ole Cap'n Oofus" and "Yon Yensen" type of grotesque sea stories, full of mental prunes on a *papier maché* sea. Very few have ever approached reality in these matters. Mr. Chatterton is to be thanked for getting together such a thrilling and inspiring book, handsomely illustrated on plate paper, most of the pictures being reproductions of famous ships and sailors.

THE TALE OF OUR MERCHANT Ships. By CHARLES E. CARTWIGHT. Dutton. 1925. $3.

This volume makes fine reading for those who like the sea and sailors, and ships, old and new. It is evidently the work of an enthusiast, written from the refreshing viewpoint of the American, the text and pictures convey a living impression of the majesty and beauty of the sea and of the haunting romance of shipping, of sea commerce and sea adventure. With books like "Roll and Go," sending their melody into the air, and books like Mr. Cartwright's, recreating a great phase of our most interesting national life, we seem on the road to a more appreciative attitude. The sea and the wild west, were awaiting our boys, a century ago. The west is now broken to harness, the sea is as wild as ever, as ever it was since the time of the Phoenicians Mr. Cartwright tells and draws about, and as it always will be.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A CLUB WOMAN. By *Alice Ames Winter*. Century. $1.25.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF HOME REPAIRS. By *Chelsea Fraser*. Crowell. $2.50 net.

Science

THE EINSTEIN THEORY EXPLAINED AND ANALYZED. By SAMUEL H. GUGGENHEIMER. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

Mr. Guggenheimer has written an account of Einstein's ideas for the layman in the layman's own language. Not only has he avoided mathematical symbols, but he has used many words of technical significance in the somewhat vague sense in which the man without scientific training employs them rather than with the precise meaning which the scientist attaches to them. While many of his illustrations of the theory are apt and well expressed, some of his statements are confusing rather than illuminating and lend weight to the suspicion that he may not have a very deep comprehension of the theory which he is attempting to elucidate. The "theory explained and analyzed" is that presented in R. W. Lawson's translation of Einstein's "Relativity. The Special and General Theory," to which numerous references are made.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

"THE TRUE STEVENSON"

GEORGE S. HELLMAN'S "The True Stevenson" will be published this Fall by Little, Brown & Co. in an autographed limited edition of 250 copies, as well as in a regular trade edition. Mr. Hellman discovered, some ten years ago, between one and two hundred revelatory poems and their publication was one of the first important steps toward a more intimate knowledge of the real character of Stevenson. Then followed various magazine articles, Mr. Osbourne's "Intimate Portrait," John A. Steuart's two volume biography, the publication of many of Stevenson's letters, especially those of Mrs. Sitwell, all of which have prepared the way for Mr. Hellman's forthcoming book. Mr. Hellman promises to reveal Stevenson as he actually existed, making a more human, more vital, and more significant creature, than hitherto delineated. He will be the individual known in Edinburgh in his youth, to his artist and author friends in France, to the women who it is claimed have been carefully protected from the public's knowledge, and to his South Sea neighbors and to those intimate with him in in his own household. The volume will contain numerous unpublished letters and poems by Stevenson, Henley, and others, which will give value and appeal to all collectors of Stevensoniana. There is a feeling quite current that the effort to paint the "real" Stevenson has already been somewhat overdone, that there has been a wide difference between promise and fulfillment. Mr. Hellman has undertaken a task requiring sound judgment, literary skill, great tact, and a knowledge of the affection in which Stevenson is held by many intelligent, discriminating book-lovers. But whether he succeeds or fails in his undertaking, there will be a very keen interest to read his book.

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITIONS.

THE special limited editions of the Riverside Press promised for this Fall have a decided American historical interest, as has been the case for several years.

At the head of the list is Charles A. Place's "Charles Bulfinch, Architect and Citizen," a small quarto limited to 1,000 copies. This book is the result of a vast amount of study of the buildings known or believed to have been designed by Bulfinch; and also of town records and other material likely to give information about him as a public spirited citizen. Bulfinch drew the plans for the State House, the City Hall, and Faneuil Hall of Boston, for the Capitol at Washington, and for more than forty churches. More than one-hundred illustrations add an attractive feature to the book. Mr. Place, it is said, presents Bulfinch as a citizen and as an architect with uncommon vividness and with a fulness with which it has never been done before. The volume, while of striking interest for the student of architecture, makes a peculiarly strong appeal to the collector of Americana, owing to the great historical interest which attaches to some of the buildings which he designed.

"Reminiscences of an American Loyalist, by Jonathan Boucher" is another book of special interest to the Americana collector. It is an illustrated large crown octavo limited to 500 copies. Boucher, rector of a church at Annapolis, Maryland, took the Tory side of the Revolution, disagreeing with Washington, with whom he had some interesting personal encounters. His biography, written in a vein of humorous common sense, recalling Franklin's, is a quaint and significant historical document. The historical student will find it of absorbing interest.

A volume with an entirely different appeal is Havelock Ellis's "Sonnets with Folk Songs from the Spanish, an octavo produced in an appropriate and beautiful format, which promises to be one of the distinctive publications of the year. This book consists of a group of folk songs selected and translated from the Spanish, interwoven in the most interesting way with an original sonnet cycle composed by Mr. Ellis some years ago. This volume will probably be the first intimation to many who are familiar with the prose writings of Mr. Ellis, that he is a poet of distinction as well.

GROTIUS EXHIBIT AT THE HAGUE

IT is very appropriate that the tercentenary of the publication of Hugo Grotius's "De Jure Belli ac Pacis" (The Laws of War and Peace), the founder of international law, should be celebrated at The Hague, which is now being done by an exhibition at the municipal building in Java Straat. Here are displayed 79 editions of his famous work, together with first and early issues of his other books. Grotius was a many-sided man, writing on law, theology, history and philology, and a poet as well. His "De Jure Belli ac Pacis" is a very remarkable book. It was originally published in Paris, where Grotius was Swedish ambassador at the court of Louis XIV, and its twenty-third translation was published in 1901, and in 1919 published for the fortieth time. The twenty-fourth translation, Oxford and Washington, is now being printed. Today this book is more read and studied than at any time in the 300 years since it was first published. There are two reasons: in the first place the subject was never more vital; in the second place, the author treats his subject so logically and clearly, and with such a warm human feeling, that it delights the reader. Since he avoided contemporary history, basing his arguments on the Bible, the Greek and Latin classics, and the fathers of the early Christian Church, the book retains it freshness, and appeals with singular force to the friends of international peace today.

VOL. II OF ARS TYPOGRAPHICA.

ARS TYPOGRAPHICA, a magazine conceived and edited through three issues by Frederic W. Goudy, the famous type designer, will be continued into a second volume as a quarterly by Douglas C. McMurtrie of 240 West 40th Street. It will continue to be, as originally designed, a magazine of research and scholarship in the field of fine printing and is intended to appeal not only to printers but also to bibliographers and all lovers of fine printing. Details of typography in its theoretical, practical, and historical aspects will be discussed by authorities; spacing, leading, indentation, type decoration, layout, type-page designing, etc. There will be studies of the great printers, and articles on paper making, illustration, and bookbinding. *Ars Typographica* will be published quarterly. A prospectus, a fine piece of typography in itself, showing approximately the format of the magazine is now ready for distribution and will be sent to all who ask for it.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE "Index" for the "American Book Prices Current," for the seven years of 1916-1922 inclusive, will be published next month.

It is reported that a manuscript of "The Arabian Nights" of rarest Persian antiquity has been discovered in the Leningrad Public Library and that it contains several chapters never included in any modern translation.

* *

The current catalogue of Maggs Brothers of London is devoted to "Judaica and Hebraica: manuscripts, printed books, autographs, illustrative of the history, martyrdom and literature of the Jews." It contains 245 items, all rare, and some unique and of extraordinary historical interest.

* *

A quarto volume, "Blake's 'Paintings and Drawings'" by Darrell Figis, with sixteen plates in color and eighty-four in collotype, is in preparation and will be published by Ernest Benn, Ltd., of London. As the influence of Blake widens each year, there has been an increasing need for a book of reproductions of his work as a painter, representative of the full range of his powers, done with care and regard for detail, and as far as possible definitive of its kind. This volume is designed to meet this demand. There will be finely printed edition *de luxe* limited to 250 copies for collectors.

New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Boni & Liveright. 1925. 95 cents.

Fabre, the naturalist and simple philosopher, needs no word of introduction to readers in this country, since his more important works have been available in English for more than a few years. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has been his most industrious translator and has succeeded in putting into familiar English much of the writer's vividness and simplicity. "The Life of the Caterpillar," with an introduction by Royal Dixon, is now added to the Modern Library, making it available in convenient and pleasing form at a modest price.

Man's Life on Earth. By *Samuel Christian Schmucker*. Macmillan. $2.25.

Evolution Explained. By *J. Inglis Parsons*. Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.

Our Prehistoric Forerunners. By *C. E.* Williamy. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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NEW BOOK BARGAINS: The first price given on the following items is the publishers, ours follows. Van Loon, Story of the Bible, $5.00-$2.50; Wells, Short History of the World, $4.00-$2.50; Stevenson, Famous Crimes and Criminals, $3.00-$1.50; Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, $5.00-$3.50; Robert Frost, North of Boston, $2.00-$1.00; Lomer, Writing of Today, 2.00-65c; Lear, Nonsense Book, complete with original illustrations, $2.00-$1.00. Send in your order today, allowing 10 pe. cent for postage. Ask for our bargain catalog of new books at reduced prices. Woodworth's, 1311 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR BOOK MONEY BUYS TWICE-AS-MUCH, FROM SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS. 4 stores. Mail Order Dept. Lowest prices quoted, all books, new, used. Discounts to Libraries, Clubs, Bargain Catalogues mailed Free. 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FIRST EDITIONS. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good literature at modest prices. Monthly catalogues issued. Oxford Book Shop, Alfred T. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., at 24th Street.

FIRST EDITION old and rare books. M. E. Northwall, 641 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

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AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sporting Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the following numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

The Acadians in Song and Story, Ficklin.

In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

"The Rock Floor of Intermont Plains of the Arid Regions" by Charles Rollins Keyes, pub. in Bulletin of Geological Society of America, vol. 19, 1908.

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LAST Spring William McFee, the famous author of "Casuals of the Sea," etc., brought us three novels by an Englishman named BEN TRAVERS and said that they were the most genuinely amusing books he'd read in an age. We read them, laughed heartily, published a small edition of them that sold out immediately, because all the reviewers boosted these books to the skies for their uproarious entertainment.

* * *

NOW, Ben Travers has written a new novel dealing with the complications, embarrassments and mischief that occurred in one small cottage. It is called MISCHIEF, and it is the funniest book we've published in years. Ask your book seller for MISCHIEF by Ben Travers. The price is $2.00, but you'll agree with Mr. McFee that this is a priceless book.

* * *

Mischief

By

BEN TRAVERS

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The Phoenix Nest

SOMEWHERE we have mentioned a tiny book of "Poems" by one *Susan Clay*, published by Ralph Fletcher Seymour in Chicago. It is so tiny and unobtrusive a book that it is more than likely to be overlooked by most reviewers. * * * We learn from a correspondent that Miss Clay lives near Lexington, Kentucky, a city in which we have distant relatives. She is a granddaughter of *Henry Clay* and has been enrolled among the summer students of the University of Kentucky. She can write of "the little creased hands of maple leaves," of Beauty as "the mother of fierce, miserable children," of the moon "cloud-imbedded like a little irregular pearl in the shell of heaven," of "the silver stalks of rain," and thus also

Night is only the narrow edge
Between two stupid sides of a page
Unnoticed in turning.
And dawn
A monotonous voice
Somewhere in the midst of a sentence
About duty and waiting.

* * * These are slight things, perhaps, but indications, at least, of a pronounced talent. * * * Well, so *Julia's* bookshop at 4 Christopher Street has passed. 'Tis sad! Once this was the old Columbia Café, more intimately known as "The Working-girls' Home." *Frank Shay* started a bookshop there, after the War, and after Prohibition. * * * When Frank tired, *Hicks* carried on, and then along came Julia. Julia was *Julia Koenig*. She struggled bravely to keep the bookshop going. *Ave atque Vale*! * * * If anyone wants a copy of the special limited edition, Large Paper, autographed by the author, and with three additional plates in colour, of *A. Edward Newton's* "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers," same is available through Little, Brown & Co., for fifteen dollars per. * * * This edition is already more than half sold. We have just finished *Freeman Tilden's* "The Virtuous Husband" and have found it a solid novel about interesting second-rate people, with certain sardonic humors, constantly convincing *locale*, and graphic characterization marred somewhat toward the end by what we could not but regard as the unwarranted intrusion into so good a story of a certain cheap *Saturday Evening Postish* propaganda. * * * But it is a book that holds the interest. * * * The Oxford University Press informs us that they have now in the press an American edition of both the Pocket Oxford Dictionary and the Concise Oxford Dictionary,—Glory be! * * * *Richard Henry Little*, in the *Chicago Tribune*, has been banging the drum for *Janet Fairbank's* "The Smiths," which has recently been one of the six best sellers in Chicago. This book is being boosted for next year's Pulitzer. * * * *James Bone's* "The London Perambulater" is to be published by Knopf in the Fall. * * * *Robert Forrest Wilson* has presented in "Paris on Parade," an interesting picture of post-war Paris, documented from personal experience. Bobbs-Merrill will publish the book on Sept. first. * * * Since *Bennett A. Cerf* has achieved the ownership and control of The Modern Library, published formerly by Boni & Liveright, The Modern Library Incorporated, at 71 West 45th Street, has been going full blast, with Cerf as President and *Daniel S. Klopfer* as Vice-President. * * * Mr. Cerf has some interesting new plans in view. * * * We hear that *Bob Benchley* simply *will* not call his new book anything except "David Copperfield." The Oxford Press sends us a circular showing that American collectors of *D. H. Lawrence* need not wait for an acknowledged edition of his "Movements of European History," as the Oxford University Press, American Branch, has already issued it in two editions, one illustrated library edition in 8 vo on heavy white paper and bound in dark blue cloth, and a second or popular edition in a crown octavo gray cloth on thin paper and with illustrations. * * * *Ludwig Lewisohn*, writing from Marienbad, on a postal showing Goethe's house, speaks of his "Israel" which is about to appear, and of a novel "Roman Summer" in which he is now immersed. He is also slowly completing a volume of essays, "Cities and Men." * * * *Lloyd Morris* opines, from Paris, that there is a notable lack in France "of what *Miss Moore* calls 'good and alive young men.'" * * * *James Joyce* is still on his new book, *Ford Madox Ford* (Hueffer) has finished correcting proofs of "No More Parades," *André Gide*, "having disposed by public sale of presentation copies of books by all writers who, after 'Corydon,' *lui tournaient le dos*, has just departed for a two years' expedition across darkest Africa, accompanied by his nephew and a formidable moving picture machine. 'Les Faux-Monnayyeurs' has been, in part, serialized in the *Nouvelle Revue*, but, despite the fact that it is the best that Gide has done for many years, it has caused little excitement here. *Larbaud* is doing a translation of 'The Enormous Room.'" * * * This "P.A.L.," a Novel of the American Scene, by *Felix Riesenberg*, looks to us like an interesting new work of fiction. In it the Captain comes ashore and trains his nautical telescope on American business. Books we have liked lately: Old, "Of Human Bondage" by *Maugham;* New, "The Sly Giraffe" by *Lee Wilson Dodd*, and "Mischief" by *Ben Travers*. You see, when we read an old book we like something to bite on; when we read a new one we want the light touch. "The Sly Giraffe" is, of course, a children's book. So we liked it all the better. It is perfect stuff and nonsense. * * * Of the best kind! * * * Novels we expect to enjoy are *Anthony Gibbs's* "Peter Vacuum" and *Jeffery E. Jeffrey's* "An Octave." * * * Two of the stupidist papers we ever read on living poets are in *Lacon's* "Lectures to Living Authors," with caricatures by *Quiz*. These papers are on *Masefield* and *De La Mare*,—and of all the pompous condescension and piffling pretense of analysis we ever read Lacon's lucubrations bear away the bun! We'll have to give the book a more thorough reading,—the paper on "Mr. *Charles Marriott*" isn't bad, but so far as we have examined it the book's defect seems to be that the author of the lectures seems throughout much more important to himself than anyone else. He talks with the sly sense of superiority of a bumptious school-teacher. * * * *J. Storer Clouston* has broken loose again with "The Lunatic in Charge." This time Dodd, Mead and not Dutton is his publisher. * * * We thank *Harry Patterson* for a letter from Grand Island, Nebraska, even though he doesn't care for Nebraska's official poet laureate, *John G. Neihardt*. * * * The most beautiful book of prayers from a single hand is *Thomas Dekker's* "Foure Birds of Noah's Arke." *Swinburne* called it "a work of genius so curious and so delightful that the most fanatical of atheists or agnostics, the hardest and driest of philosophers, might be moved and fascinated by the exquisite simplicity of its beauty." The new edition of it is due to Appleton. * * * *Robertus Love*, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, has been syndicating his history of a great American outlaw, "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," in a number of papers west and south. Putnam will publish the story in book-form, probably next Spring. From all we hear it is a remarkably accurate work as well as one of the most thrilling biographies that has come down the pike for a long time. * * * Old *Charley Edson* of Mount Pleasant, S. C., has got out, in the Edson Pocket Library, a set of six booklets of his works, of which he sends us "Dulcinea's Diary" and "Lips of Almond Bloom." He is going in for advertising this set and, if it goes, intends to produce others. * * * Old Charley is the loco broncho of American literature. * * * *Kessinger's Mid-West Review* has been quoting a lot of *Edgar Lee Masters* about both *Darrow* and *Bryan*. And also reminding the public of a poem by the Kansas poet, *William Hayden Carruth*. The poem appeared years ago, and, even in these non-Fundamentalist times, resulted in the author's losing either a university or a school-teaching job, we forget which. The poem was regarded as perfectly shocking. One verse went:

A firemist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly fish and a saurian
And caves where cavemen dwell—
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a turning from the clod.
Some call it evolution—
And others call it God.

* * * And there—of course that's not very remarkable poetry—but there you have, succinctly, the whole late controversy at Dayton! Which shows how idiotic all the controversy was anyway. But if the human race stays partially sane for five minutes it gets uncomfortable and has to stir up some new kind of a fool fracas to make believe it's alive.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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